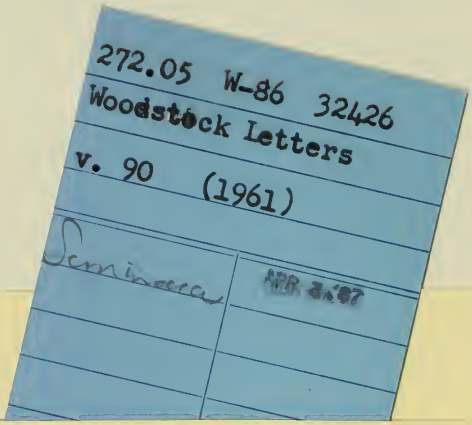

272.05 W-86 32426
Woodstock Letters
v. 90 (1961)
Seminarca
MR 3'67

272.05 W-86 32426

FUSZ MEMORIAL
MO. PROV. S. J.
3700 W. PINE
ST. LOUIS, MO.
LIBRARY

W8c

7
DAY
BOOK

This book may be kept
for 7 days only
It cannot be renewed

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/woodstockletters9011unse

A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

VOL. XC

FUSZ MEMORIAL
MO. PROV. S. J.
3700 W. PINE
ST. LOUIS, MO.
LIBRARY

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM LIBRARY

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1961

FOR CIRCULATION AMONG OURS ONLY

32426

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XC, No. 1 FEBRUARY, 1961

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 1961

JESUIT ASSIGNMENT TO BURMA 3
Sigmund J. Lachenski, S. J.

CHAPLAIN PRISONER 20
Paul W. Cavanaugh, S. J.

JESUITS IN PUERTO RICO 50
Edward S. Dunn, S. J.

FATHER PATRICK O'REILLY 54
Theodore J. St. Hilaire, S. J.

LETTERS FROM THE CAROLINE ISLANDS 68

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS 71

CONTRIBUTORS

Father Sigmund J. Lachenski (Maryland Province) is Spiritual Father and Librarian at Catholic Major Seminary, Ragoon, Burma.

Father Paul W. Cavanaugh (Detroit Province) is director of the Mission Band of the Chicago Province.

Father Edward S. Dunn (New York Province) is *Scriptor* and Librarian at *Jesuit Missions* Residence in New York City.

Mr. Theodore J. St. Hilaire, (Oregon Province) is studying philosophy at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane.

Mr. Daniel T. Hughes (New York Province) is studying theology at Woodstock after regency in the Carolines.

Father George McGowan (New York Province) is superior of the residence at Kolonia, Ponape.

Father William Walter (Buffalo Province) is stationed at Nemar, Yap Island, in the Carolines.

For Jesuit Use Only

Published four times a year, in February, April, July and November.

Entered as second-class matter December 1, 1942, at the post office at Woodstock Maryland, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription: Five Dollars Yearly

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE PRESS
WOODSTOCK, MARYLAND

Jesuit Assignment to Burma

Sigmund J. Lachenski, S.J.

In 1958 a group of Maryland Province Jesuits left home for Burma to enter upon the work of training Burma's indigenous clergy. Somewhat to their surprise, these eight men discovered that Ours had been in this land of golden pagodas three hundred years ago.

St. Francis Xavier on his journeys between India and Japan had heard in Malacca of the Kingdom of Pegu to the north of the Andaman Sea and the Gulf of Martaban. The town of Pegu and capital of that ancient kingdom is some forty miles northeast of present day Rangoon. Xavier, in a letter to St. Ignatius from Cochin, dated January 20, 1548, had expressed the hope that our Fathers might be sent to the Kingdom of Pegu.

Jesuit Pioneers in Burma

A key port of that kingdom was the town of Syriam which is just across the river from Rangoon. In the year 1600 Philip de Britto, a Portuguese mercenary in the employ of the King of Arakan, had been given rights over the port of Syriam and subsequently made himself master of all of Pegu. On his initial visit to the place he brought with him a Jesuit, Fr. John Andrew Boves. Sometime later Father Boves departed, to be replaced by two other Jesuits, Fathers Diego Nunes and Natal Salerno.

Father Boves and a Father Fernandez are found working among the Portuguese in the Kingdom of Arakan on the western coast of Burma a few years later. The king of Arakan was angry at the refusal of de Britto to hand back Syriam which he in the king's service had built up and strongly fortified. Several disastrous failures to dislodge de Britto caused the king's wrath and distrust to spread to all the Portuguese in his domain; and in 1607 he had six hundred of them massacred. Others were imprisoned, among whom were the two Jesuits. Father Fernandez' eyes were put out and he died under torture. Of Father Boves nothing more is known.

Anaukpetlun, king of Ava and heir of the high king of Pegu whom the monarchs of Toungoo and Arakan had dethroned, finally captured Syriam after a long siege in 1613. Philip de Britto was duly impaled and a number of his men were put to death. The survivors of the Portuguese garrison, however, some five thousand, were taken north to Ava, not far from the present site of Mandalay. The journey of the prisoners, shared by Father Manoel da Fonseca of the Society and Father Nunes, was a harsh experience, and the latter died on the way. These thousands of captives were never to be repatriated. For several years they suffered severe treatment although during this time it was reported that Father da Fonseca was "respected by the infidels, revered by the grandees of the kingdom and regarded as a saint by his fellow captives."[1]

Gradually the conditions of imprisonment became easier. The Burmese soldiers could not handle the heavy guns captured at Syriam. The Portuguese, trained soldiers who understood the use of firearms, became the gunners of the Burmese army and their officers rose to high favor. While those considered more useful were kept at the royal palace, the majority of the prisoners were sent out in small groups to live in various villages of the area from which they could be easily conscripted in time of war, and where eventually they intermarried with the Burmese.

Father da Fonseca ministered to his scattered flock as best he could. He was given a grant of land for a small church in Ava and we read that he placed in it a beautiful picture of our Lady, sent to him from Goa by his Father Provincial. He also built three other churches. His was a hard and lonely life, and in 1639 when he was sixty years old, he wrote to the Provincial asking for a replacement and that he himself might retire to India. For twenty-six years he had not seen another priest.

---

[1] The historical background presented in this article and its appendix is taken almost entirely from Msgr. Patrick Usher's unpublished manuscript on the history of the Church in Burma. The parts referring to the Society of Jesus in his manuscript are based on documents from the Society's archives in India. Msgr. Usher, superior of the Columban Fathers' mission in northern Burma and Prefect Apostolic of Bhamo, died in October 1958 after twenty-two years of service in Burma.

But when Father Denis Antunes arrived to replace him in the following year, Father da Fonseca wrote again to India: "I have not the heart to leave alone the Father who came to take my place four days ago and has become a captive for God's sake and mine." He remained in Ava.

Father Antunes was young and set to work with great energy. During the next few years he visited all the scattered Christians regularly, instructing and administering the sacraments, and building new churches at the rate of one a year until each Catholic village had its own. It seems, however, that his health suffered; we know that after eight years, in 1648, he returned to India. Father da Fonseca was once more alone.

He remained alone until Father Simon Rodriguez appeared in 1652. Then at the age of seventy-two and after thirty-nine years in captivity, Father Manoel da Fonseca felt free to retire. He died soon afterwards at Goa. The catalogue of the Province of Goa for 1655 lists Father Rodriguez as being still in the Kingdom of Pegu. This is the last that is heard of him.

While these early Jesuits were rather chaplains to the Portuguese than missionaries to Burma, it is interesting to note how the fruit of their labors has endured. While it is true that today the Catholics in this country are mostly converts from animist hill tribes, the majority being Karens, and that few conversions have been made among the dominant racial group, the Burmans themselves who are Buddhists, nevertheless there are in upper Burma about three thousand Burmese Catholics. These descend from the Portuguese-Burman Christians among whom Manoel da Fonseca labored for so many years. Most of them now live as did their forefathers in villages about Mandalay. Each of the larger villages has its own parish priest, and the faith of the people, preserved for more than three hundred years in the heart of a Buddhist land, is strong. Three of our seminarians are from these old Catholic villages. Of the two indigenous bishops, one, a Karen, is from lower Burma, but the other, His Excellency Joseph U Win, Archbishop of Mandalay, is of Portuguese-Burman ancestry.

This early apostolate of Ours is merely an episode in the history of the Church in Burma. Such, too, were the labors of the few Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians and Theatines who came from Portuguese India in the seventeenth cen-

tury. As it would prolong the introduction of this article to enter upon that history at this point, a brief account of the life of the Church from the time of the first missionaries sent to the Golden Land up to the present will be included in an appendix. Thus we are brought immediately to the principal topic to be considered, the first permanent, Jesuit missionary assignment to Burma in the history of the Society.

Preliminaries

Although all mission groups here were limited to the number of personnel they had had before World War II and no one else was to be admitted after Burma's Independence, due to the personal friendship of Prime Minister U Nu for Archbishop Victor Bazin of Rangoon, eight visas were promised for a faculty to staff a new major seminary. The hierarchy of Burma, then, in February 1957, petitioned the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to request the General of the Society of Jesus on their behalf for eight priests to conduct their seminary. These members of the staff were to be in Rangoon by June 1957. His Paternity promised assistance. The Maryland Province was chosen as the source of manpower. And on April 25, 1957, Rev. Father Provincial, William F. Maloney, S.J., issued a letter to all the houses asking for volunteers.

Nothing further was heard of the matter until the Province status came out in June. On it, besides seven men definitely assigned to Rangoon, alternates were listed. Those assigned were Fathers Edward J. Farren and Eugene P. McCreesh, engaged then in college religion and student counseling at the Georgetown School of Foreign Service and Wheeling College respectively; Fathers Thomas J. Jones and Sigmund J. Laschenski, at the time completing tertianship at Auriesville; and Messrs. Frank P. Fischer, Louis E. Niznik and Thomas E. Peacock, who were beginning their regency. The alternates were Father James J. Harley, minister at Scranton when the status was published; Father Nicholas J. Carroll, then parish assistant at the Gesu; and Father John J. Keenan, newly appointed from tertianship as student counselor at St. Joseph's Prep in Philadelphia.

Of those originally designated all seven received the mission mandate except Father Jones whose physical examination re-

vealed an illness which precluded foreign mission activity. Father Keenan took his place. The last to be appointed, bringing the number to eight, was Father Joseph F. Murphy who completed his term as rector of Woodstock College in July, 1957.

During the months of July, August and September preparations were made for departure as we awaited our visas from the government of Burma. Those of the group for whom it was possible began sessions in the Burmese language, studying each morning at Georgetown from eight o'clock until noon under a private tutor, an Anglo-Burman and former customs officer of Rangoon, Mr. John C. Duke. By the end of September a sizeable library had been gathered, seminary equipment purchased, personal items stocked, and more than a few farewells bidden. We were ready to move. But our visas had not yet been granted.

So we began to wait it out, this time the entire group taking lessons in Burmese, and everyone confident that the visas would arrive any day. November passed, then December. The language sessions were not entirely satisfactory, and a thousand and one odd jobs and other distractions kept us from settling down. At Christmas time the morale of the men was under attack. Finally it was decided by superiors that if no word were forthcoming by the fifteenth of January, we should all be sent to teach or otherwise help out in the Province colleges and high schools during the second academic semester. Word of this decision was sent to Archbishop Bazin in Rangoon.

A cablegram arrived, however, on the feast of the Epiphany, telling us to hold on, for visas would be issued within a fortnight. And on January thirteenth, the feast of the Baptism of Christ our Lord, a second cablegram informed us: "Visas granted!"

Departures

Life once more took on purpose. Private departure ceremonies were held in their parishes by those who found it feasible, and a grand public departure ceremony for the whole group was staged at the Church of the Gesu in Philadelphia on February 9, 1958. The Archbishop of Philadelphia, the

late Cardinal John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., presided at the Solemn Mass and afterwards presented each of the departing Jesuits with the mission mandate. The Rev. Martin J. McDonough, archdiocesan director of the Propagation of the Faith, preached the sermon. Nearly two thousand relatives and friends packed the huge church almost beyond capacity to witness the event. On that occasion the mission-mindedness of the Church was shared by her sons and daughters who were present.

One week later on the sixteenth of February Father Murphy, the Superior of the Burma-bound group, left Philadelphia. He traveled by train to Chicago in the wake of a heavy blizzard. From Chicago on he went by plane and visited along the way seminaries for the diocesan clergy conducted by Ours in Mundelein, Fresno, Tokyo and Quezon City in the Philippines, and the Paris Foreign Missionaries' seminaries in Singapore and Penang, Malaya. Up until then Penang had been the place of training for candidates from Burma, and a few are still there completing their studies.

On March first Fathers Keenan, McCreesh and Laschenski waved farewell to the States from the upper decks of the *R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth* as she backed out into the waters of the Hudson River. Exactly eighteen days later the last contingent of Father Farren and Messrs. Fischer, Niznik and Peacock bade the same adieu from the same decks. These seven men sailed to Cherbourg and Southampton and then made their way eastward by air, managing to visit relatives in Ireland, sights of interest in the British Isles and Europe, Very Reverend Fr. General in Rome, and their fellow missionaries in Jamshedpur,—all in the space of one month.

Beginnings

Before seeing the eight travelers to their destination, let us go back and examine the beginnings of the seminary itself.

Early in February, 1956, the Church held her first Burmese National Eucharistic Congress. Delegations of the faithful journeyed to Rangoon from every part of the country. An estimated fifty thousand souls staged a colorful, three-day pageant in honor of our Blessed Lord, which is still vividly remembered. It was on the second day of the Congress that

CATHOLIC MAJOR SEMINARY, RANGOON, BURMA

the foundation stone of the Catholic Major Seminary, whose official ecclesiastical title is, "Regional Seminary of St. Joseph for the Union of Burma," was laid in a five acre plot of land seven miles from the city center. Negotiations went on for a faculty to staff the Seminary until 1957 when, as indicated above, we were assigned the task.

Meanwhile two buildings were constructed. Arranged in the form of a "T", the crossbar is a two-story structure of plastered brick and cement with an asbestos roof. It is one hundred and eighty-one feet long and thirty feet wide with walls five and a half inches thick. The upper story consists of rooms for the faculty and students and two lavatories. On the first floor there is a dormitory, a study hall, lavatories and more faculty rooms.

The stem of this "T", while of basically the same design and width, is shorter and only one story high. It was meant for classrooms, refrectory and kitchen. There was no chapel.

Although these buildings are equipped with running water, electricity and modern plumbing, are well lighted by an abundance of windows, and have certain other desirable features, on many counts much remains to be desired. Since we had to convert a considerable part of one building into a chapel, classroom space is at a premium, and in another year or two will be insufficient. No provision was made for storage space, library stacks, etc. within the house. The dormitory and study hall accommodations are quite inadequate. True, the open louvres above the windows let in air, but for five months of the school year they also allow in the monsoon. During this same season the concrete ground floor is frequently soaking wet, and because of low nine-foot ceilings, the house is an oven in the hot season. As the seminary buildings are not fully functional in design, they are likewise unprepossessing in appearance.

Workers' quarters, a garage and a storage shed were built a short distance away, all similarly made of brick, plaster and cement.

Next to these quarters in one corner of the compound is a large, sturdy house some thirty years old. It was the home of the previous property owners. While the roof is old and leaks even after being repaired, the house, nevertheless, was planned

and executed in the generous, airy proportions that are customary in pukka residences of the East, and provides a gracious, Jesuit "staff house." Inside on the ground floor are parlors, a small chapel and a dining room. The second floor provides living rooms for two of the faculty members and a large, combination recreation room and library.

All of the structures described, together with a lawn and garden area, occupy about three acres of our land. The other two acres allow for a small soccer field, a basketball court, a volleyball court and a deep valley which becomes somewhat of a swamp during the rains.

So much for the physical plant, its origin and present status. Although some defects have been noted in the Major Seminary, we are quite conscious of the fact that most of the other priests and religious in Burma began their apostolate in bamboo residences and schools. And more than one parish house and convent today is lighted by a kerosene lamp and remains at the water-barrel shower and outhouse stage.

After the buildings were completed in 1957, on September first of that year His Grace, Archbishop Bazin, officially opened the doors of the Seminary. Eight first-year philosophers who had been at the Rangoon Minor Seminary since the beginning of the school year in mid-May, moved in. A faculty of Father Luigi Bignamini, P.I.M.E., also acting rector, and Father Vincent Zan, an indigenous priest who had studied in Rome, was assigned to staff the Seminary temporarily, pending the arrival of the American Jesuits.

On March 17, 1958 Father Murphy, the first of Ours to leave the United States, landed at Mingaladon, the international airfield twelve miles outside of Rangoon. He was greeted by a large number of the clergy as well as by Father Bignamini, Father Vincent Zan and the seminarians, and later at the Seminary on 14 Du Bern Road was accorded a festive reception.

Fathers Keenan, McCreesh and Laschenski alighted at Mingaladon on April first. They were followed by Father Farren and the three scholastics on the eighteenth of the same month. And on the twenty-second of May, with the coming of the rains, the Seminary officially began under the Society's administration.

The Seminarians

The young men who enter the Seminary make up an interesting group, coming as they do from several racial stocks. From central Burma there are descendants of Philip de Britto's Portuguese, in whom the Burmese strain predominates today and who consider themselves Burmans; there are boys from the Kachin hill tribes of the north; Karens of several types from the Kayah State, the Toungoo area and the Delta, and a Karen-Lahu lad from a little village near the China border east of Kengtung; and there are Tamils, Indians from Rangoon and its environs. In time Chins will be added to the group, and, perhaps, some Chinese, also.

A few of the seminarians are from the cities and towns, but most come from jungle villages, and their backgrounds, apart from the Faith, are vastly different from ours. Yet because, with the exception of an occasional convert, they have been raised as Catholics from infancy, their attitudes and thought processes have been Westernized in many ways.

Altogether they speak a multitude of languages and dialects. The ability to understand and express themselves in English varies greatly, but English is the official language of the Seminary and all of them will know this language well before they are ordained. By that time, too, everyone must have a mastery of Latin and a facility in both colloquial and literary Burmese.

Allowing for environmental factors, however, these youths are quite like seminarians in any other part of the world. They have come to us from three minor seminaries, two of which under the French Foreign Missionaries of Paris and one under the P.I.M.E. Fathers are at the present time training some two hundred boys. The minor seminary course runs from about sixth or seventh grade through graduation from high school and two additional years as "Latinists."

The Seminarian's Life

The Major Seminary offers a seven year course in philosophy and theology. When we commenced classes, there were thirteen students in first and second year philosophy. Now twenty-six seminarians constitute three years of philosophy and the first year of theology. Thus the Seminary will con-

tinue to grow annually until all seven years of the course are being taught. And before very long, if the present rate of vocations continues, the student body should grow in number to ninety or a hundred.

The first nine weeks of first year philosophy are devoted to the study of minor logic and intensive drill in Latin and English. First year philosophy is taught separately from second and third years which run in cycle. In addition to the traditional disciplines of scholastic philosophy, courses are given in history of philosophy, world history, mathematics and general science, introduction to the gospels, English, Burmese, social questions, education, elocution and rites. The course in theology is taught entirely in cycle. Dogma and Sacred Scripture, moral and canon law are the basic disciplines in every semester. In addition there are courses in ecclesiastical history, liturgy, oriental religions, pastoral and ascetical theology, rites and parish accounts and records.

As for extracurricular activities, a sodality is in the process of formation; the seminarians teach catechism at the leper asylum and to the neighborhood children; occasional excursions are made into town to places of cultural interest; a lecture forum provides speakers from outside on religious and educational topics both in English and Burmese; skits are staged from time to time, and a serious play is put on once a year during the Christmas holidays. Manualia is performed daily and there is an hour's laborandum on alternate days, the seminarians being in sole care of the grounds.

A considerable portion of the day, besides, is spent in spiritual exercises: Mass, points and meditation, spiritual reading, rosary, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and examens of conscience; not to mention two conferences a week, regular interviews with the spiritual father, a monthly holy hour, a monthly recollection and the four day annual retreat.

Despite this formidable array there is time each day for haustus in the morning between classes, afternoon tea, a forty-five minute siesta following noon recreation, and an hour for games on alternate week days plus a longer period for the same on Thursday and Sunday afternoons and on holidays. The health of the seminarians is good and they seem happy enough, but they are kept busy.

The Faculty

This, of course, means that the faculty is busy, also. However, the Fathers' activities are not confined to the Seminary. The Apostleship of Prayer in Burma is under our direction. Father Farren is director of the Rangoon Catholic Teachers' Guild, an organization of about two hundred of the faithful who teach in both the Catholic and non-Catholic schools of the city. A considerable amount of the labor involved in preparing for the country's first plenary council has been entrusted to the Society. Ours are ordinary confessors for both the French and English speaking communities of religious men and women in Rangoon, a ministry which takes us to ten religious houses each week. Parish calls are not infrequent. We give many of the priests', Brothers' and Sisters' retreats throughout the country and are called upon in the course of the year for lay retreats, tridua, days of recollection, etc. We are instructing converts, writing for *The Sower,* Burma's semi-monthly Catholic newspaper, circulating a *Seminary News Letter* among the hierarchy and clergy, and offering the facilities of our library to all who care to use it.

Moreover, time is devoted to the study of Burmese. During our first year here all attended class five days a week. Last year the schedules could be so arranged that some were able to get away for a couple of months at a time to the villages for serious study of the language; others are spending part of each major vacation in one of the villages for this purpose. Thus progress is necessarily slow, although by now a few are able to hear confessions and preach in Burmese. It was the scholastics, though, who, while they were here, made the most rapid progress in this difficult tongue.

Mission photography was principally in the hands of Mr. Niznik, and it is worthy of mention that within two years he completed a sixteen millimeter color film of Burmese scenes centered about the life and vocation of one of the seminarians.

With some exceptions the health of Ours has remained uniformly good. Prickly heat is the common lot. One member of the community contracted chronic amoebic dysentery which has since been cured; two have suffered from sinus trouble and three more have been down with jaundice. The food, served both in Burmese and American style, while not quite what

we were accustomed to, is tasty and wholesome enough to keep us contented. Adding to this a daily vitamin tablet, a weekly antimalarial pill and an annual paratyphoid-and-cholera injection, the faculty maintain their strength and vigor and are able to put in a good day's work.

In June of 1958 the Prime Minister of Burma, U Nu, paid us a gracious visit. Touring the Seminary with interest, he spoke to the seminarians, presented a gift of some Burmese books and honored us by his presence at tea.

July saw the official visitation, as well as a later informal call, of Archbishop James R. Knox, the recently appointed Internuncio to India and Apostolic Delegate to Burma.

Three of the fathers pronounced their final vows in the Society in August, 1958.

On the afternoon of February 1, 1959, His Grace, Archbishop Bazin, solemnly blessed the Seminary in the presence of two thousand spectators. The day began with a Solemn Pontifical Mass outdoors and a Burmese sermon by the then auxiliary bishop of Mandalay, Bishop Joseph U Win. Throughout the rest of the morning and afternoon people thronged to our colorfully decorated compound. It was "open house" and they were taken on tours of the buildings and grounds, as well as invited to inspect various poster displays and attend slide lectures in Burmese and English on the Mass and the Seminary life. After the solemn blessing itself, sermons were delivered by Msgr. Thomas Newman, M.S., the Prefect Apostolic of Prome, and again by Bishop Joseph U Win. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, and the affair was concluded with a dinner for about sixty of the visiting clergy.

The occasion was taken, however, to turn the next day into a vocation day for the school children of the Rangoon area. Five hundred girls participated in a dialogue Mass that morning, and then were given tours, slide lectures and refreshments. In the afternoon a like number of boys joined in a similar program which closed with an evening dialogue Mass.

In 1960, February 2nd was again named vocation day at the Seminary with the added attractions of elaborate displays by some of the religious congregations working in Burma, and sports events for the boys.

To help orientate our students to the work of the apostolate,

an apostolic symposium has been conducted for the past two years upon their return from the major holidays. At this meeting each one has to recount to the others his apostolic endeavors and any lessons which he learned in these attempts. The symposium is proving itself to be valuable as an exchange of experiences, and is providing a considerable amount of information on Burma and the Church as well. The first issue each year of the *Seminary News Letter,* mailed out to all the clergy of Burma, gives a summary of the apostolic symposium.

Visits from fellow Jesuits are real events. Since Rangoon is not too far off the beaten track to the Far East, and boasts of an international airport, a number of Ours have dropped in on the community at 14 Du Bern Road. Our own mission procurator, Father William J. Driscoll, was among the first. Usually during their stay our guests address the seminarians.

In December 1959 Mr. Fischer returned to the United States for theology, and Messrs. Peacock and Niznik followed in May 1960, Mr. Fischer leaving early in order to clear up quickly his bout with an amoeba.

This leads us to the latest event, the arrival of two new Maryland Province recruits: Father William D. Lynn from the States and Father Rufus P. Roberts from Rome, who are to take the place of the scholastics, and constitute our faculty of theology.

Blessings

It is proper to mention under this heading the Seminary library. For the library is, perhaps, our principal material blessing. Through the generosity of our Jesuit residences and schools in America, the great kindness of Mr. Eckenrode of the Newman Press, and the gifts of individual friends, a library of approximately seven thousand volumes representing every classification, could be shipped to Rangoon with our initial consignment of supplies.

In passing it is interesting to recall how all those books were nearly lost. The shipment had arrived in the middle of the monsoon, and so, as the books were uncrated and temporarily shelved in the open-louvred dormitory, they greedily soaked up the moisture from the air and grew thick coats of mildew. Fortunately, however, a dehumidifier had been

packed in the same crates, and before long we boarded up one of the rooms, turned the dehumidifier on inside and piled the books there to dry out before they were ruined.

Today there is a faculty library in the Jesuit recreation room and reference libraries for the philosophers and the theologians in the Seminary building. In this building also are two sealed stack rooms, each dried out daily by a dehumidifier. Our collection, certainly the largest Catholic library in Burma, and precious in a land where books are still relatively scarce, is constantly expanding due to the continued generosity of the houses of the Province and friends at home.

The friendliness and cooperation which we have met on all sides here is remarkable. Despite certain unsettled conditions in the country, despite the fact that Burma is a thoroughly Buddhist land, and in spite of our having to experience those disappointments and frustrations which everyone living in an alien culture encounters, we have been courteously received, and have met everywhere with the support and good will of non-Catholic friends as well as of our coreligionists, clergy and laity.

Last but far from least in this catalogue of blessings is the continued good health of both the faculty and the student body.

Thanks to the prayers offered without interruption for us and our work, especially those of our fellow Jesuits, the Sisters and the children whom they teach, and our devoted families and friends, this Regional Seminary of St. Joseph for the Union of Burma has been favored in many ways. Under the patronage of St. Joseph we may hope to bring daily closer to Mary and to Jesus the students whose formation is entrusted to our care, and, with the passing of the years, to send forth the learned and holy priests so sorely needed in this land of the pagodas.

A Brief History of the Church in Burma

The first to be sent as direct missionaries to the Burmese people were two members of the Paris Foreign Mission Society who had been laboring in Siam. In 1690 they opened a hospital in Pegu where for two and a half years they enjoyed considerable success. But suddenly encountering opposition

JESUIT STAFF HOUSE

Catholic Major Seminary, Rangoon, Burma

and denounced as disturbers of the peace, the two Fathers were arrested, condemned to death, sewn up in sacks and thrown into the river.

Evangelization of the country on a permanent basis began with the Italian Barnabites. One of them, Father Calchi, arrived in 1722 to look over conditions in Burma and bring the sacraments to the long neglected Christians of Ava. He worked on for six or seven years alone until he died. Another Barnabite came shortly after this, but it was not until 1741 that the first group of that Order with their superior, the Vicar Apostolic and first bishop of Burma, Monsignor Gallizia, set out from Rome for the Kingdoms of Ava and Pegu.

Three more groups of those intrepid missionaries, followed at intervals by individuals, left their native land and made for these distant shores during the next forty-five years. Among them were scholars who compiled the first Burmese dictionary and grammar, translated parts of Scripture, composed catechisms and prayer books, and published in Rome the first book ever printed in the Burmese language. During their administration of the mission Burma's first indigenous priests were ordained.

But Italy together with all of Europe was in a state of political unrest at this time. The armies of revolutionary France under Napoleon seized Rome in 1809; from 1815 Austria occupied northern Italy; the liberal and nationalistic upheavals of 1848 disturbed Italy's peace. The Church had to struggle for her life. The supply of Barnabites failed and Burma could no longer be provided for. The last two Barnabite missioners died in the land of their adoption in 1832.

The next religious congregation to move in was that of the Oblates of the Blessed Virgin Mary, also Italian in origin. Arriving in 1843 they exercised their ministries both in upper and in lower Burma. At Moulmein they installed a Burmese-English printing press; and it was these Fathers who invited from France the first group of religious women, the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition.

Like their Barnabite predecessors the Oblates, too, began to suffer from oppression at home and so could no longer supply men to Burma. In 1856 after only thirteen years of missionary labors, they were forced to give up. The assign-

ment was transferred to the Society of the Paris Foreign Mission.

Bishop Bigandet

Paul Ambrose Bigandet, previously engaged as a Paris Foreign Missionary in Malaya, was consecrated bishop and appointed Apostolic Administrator of Ava and Pegu. Finding only about four thousand Catholics in the whole of Burma, with churches and mission stations which were destitute, he set out to make some changes. During the thirty-eight years of his apostolate he built churches and schools, brought in the Brothers of the Christian Schools as well as the Good Shepherd Sisters, became responsible for the first congregation of indigenous nuns, negotiated for a division of his vast territory, which resulted in the appearance of the newly formed Society for the Foreign Missions of Milan (P.I.M.E.), and, after an exhaustive study of Buddhism, composed and published in English, *The Life and Legend of Gautama,* a work frequently cited by modern historians of Burma. Before his death the number of the faithful rose to about thirty-five thousand. He died in 1894 and is remembered with pride and warmth by the people of this country even today.

Thus did the Paris Foreign Mission Society whose priests are presently ministering in the archdioceses of Rangoon and Mandalay and the diocese of Bassein, begin in earnest its evangelization of the land of pagodas.

It has already been indicated that the first ecclesiastical division of the territory (in 1867) resulted in the introduction to the country of the P.I.M.E. missionaries who now have charge of the dioceses of Toungoo and Kengtung. A subsequent partition was made and in 1936 the members of the St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society arrived from Ireland to develop the Prefecture Apostolic of Bhamo in the extreme north. A year later the American La Salettes were invited to work with the Holy Cross Fathers in Arakan which was then part of the diocese of Chittagong, India. The Arakan was created a separate prefecture within the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Burma in 1940. Today the La Salette fathers, twelve in number, working in the Prefecture Apostolic of Prome, are

the sole Catholic missionaries for the environs of Prome as well as for the whole of Arakan.

The Salesians who in 1936 were asked to staff a school and parish in Mandalay, now have a novitiate in the hills nearby, and another parish and school on the outskirts of Rangoon.

Besides the Christian Brothers, whose primary and secondary schools are the best in Burma, there are at work assisting the parish priests of the jungles two newly formed indigenous congregations, The Little Brothers of St. Francis Xavier and the Brothers of St. Joseph.

The Sisters

In addition to the Good Shepherd Sisters and the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition, there are nine foreign groups of religious women engaged throughout the country.

The Sisters of Reparation came from Italy in 1895 to assist the P.I.M.E. fathers, and Italian Sisters of Charity entered in 1938. Altogether these two congregations operate as many as twenty-nine schools, two leper colonies, two novitiates, foundling homes, and dispensaries.

In 1897 the Little Sisters of the Poor took charge of a home for the aged in Rangoon, which flourishes today; and in the same year the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady of the Missions were admitted to Akyab to conduct schools, tend to the sick, etc.

The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary who came to Burma in 1898, have for their principal work the management of two large leper asylums, one in Mandalay and the other in Rangoon, although they, too, teach and staff dispensaries.

Early in this century the Sisters of St. Anne were brought in from Bangalore to assist the Good Shepherd communities in running their two large schools in the Rangoon area. The Sisters of St. Aloysius, also from India, are settled in Mandalay.

Finally, the Missionary Sisters of St. Columban appeared on the scene in 1947 to help the Columban priests with their schools in northern Burma; and within our own time in 1959 Mother Dengel's Medical Mission Sisters from Holland, have opened in Rangoon Burma's first Catholic Hospital.

Although there is only one Burmese society of religious

women, the Sisters of Francis Xavier, a considerable portion of the foreign sisterhoods is now made up of daughters of the land.

All this personnel of priests, Brothers and Sisters, plus a sizeable number of lay catechists, serve a Catholic population of slightly more than two hundred thousand souls.

This is, in briefest outline, the setting of the Church into which Ours stepped when they entered in 1958 to staff Burma's first regional major seminary.

Chaplain Prisoner

Paul W. Cavanaugh, S.J.

1944 was a most unusual year for Father Paul W. Cavanaugh, S.J. At the beginning of January he was student counsellor at Loyola Academy, Chicago. At the end of December he was penned in a freight car listening to the whine of bombs that were intended to wipe out a German rail center.

Father Cavanaugh was appointed to the Army Chaplain Corps on April 17, 1944. Assigned to the 106th Infantry Division, he moved with that unit from Camp Atterbury, Indiana, through Scotland, England, France and finally to the edge of Germany.

In mid-December 1944 the full force of the German counter-offensive in the Ardennes broke on the untried soldiers of the 106th. They fought as best they could, but their inexperience and the weight of enemy numbers told against them. On December 19 Father Cavanaugh was captured.

He spent the next few months in Stalag IXB, Bad Orb, and Oflag XIIIB, Hammelburg. The last weeks of imprisonment were passed marching with German captors as the latter fled from advancing American columns. The end of his ordeal came on May 2, 1945, when troops of the 14th Armored Division rescued him.

Recovering from a leg injury incurred after his liberation, Father Cavanaugh spent 13 months (July 1945 to August 1946) in Percy Jones General Hospital, Battle Creek, Michigan. There he wrote *American Priest in a Nazi Prison* from which the following excerpts are taken.

The day was overcast; heavy dark clouds rolled in rapidly; the ground was covered with patches of snow. The open space into which we emerged was a large field with furrows much like the ridges in a plot of corn. There was for the moment

none of the sounds of battle which we had been hearing almost constantly for several days. To the left over the hill gusty clouds of black smoke rose from the burning buildings of Schonberg where the battle between 106th Division units and German tanks had occurred early in the morning. We had hopes of circling that town and taking the road that led back to St. Vith.

Plodding along at the rear of the column, I prayed for the men of the 422nd Regiment who had died since we came up to the front lines. I earnestly hoped that we had left none behind still suffering from wounds; perhaps lying in the snow or in some woods waiting for medical aid men to come to get them. Should I go back and look? What assistance could I get? How could I again make contact with the American lines? It was a sinking, cowardly feeling. Conflicting thoughts came upon me. Should I carry out the obligation every priest has to risk his life even to the point of heroic action to save one soul, or should I follow the light of human prudence and make the best of saving my own life for another day of battle?

My personal scruples were solved definitely and abruptly when a rifle sharply barked a few yards ahead. There was a commotion in the column. The vehicles stopped quickly; men were jumping out and throwing themselves to the ground. Rapid fire from machine guns started. In a quick glance as I dropped into a furrow I saw coming over the rise in the terrain four German tanks all firing at us.

I tried to make myself as flat and as small as possible. Never before had my head and feet seemed so big. All around I could hear the slugs hitting the turf. Any second one would surely pierce my arms or legs or a still more vulnerable spot. Yet it never occurred to me that I might be merely wounded. All I could think was that the next second might be the end and the beginning for me, the end of time and the beginning of eternity. I prayed aloud: "Mary, my Mother, help me."

Strangest of all, the thought struck me, "I am not afraid to die."

Capture

How long the barrage from the tanks lasted I do not know. Time stands still in periods of suspense and minutes may

seem like hours. Eventually, there was a curtailment of the firing and a cry of *"Kamerad."* Slowly and carefully, I turned my head and raised one eye high enough to get a worm's-eye view. A medic near the ambulance was waving a white cloth from his prone position.

A few more rounds of machine gun fire and then silence. For us the fiighting was over. We had been led into a trap and the ruse worked. The enemy had captured another two hundred men.

With tears of shame and frustration in our eyes we raised our hands over our heads and advanced slowly toward the tanks. The combat troops were despoiled of their weapons and were being lined up quickly and superficially searched. Our medics were already at work on the wounded. All the litters we had available were used to carry the dozen men who were hit in the action.

Awakening from a daze of shame, I ran as fast as I could with arms aloft to a group of German soldiers who were already rifling our jeeps for the spoils of conquest.

"I am a priest! A priest!" I shouted. I pointed to the cross on my collar. "Let me go to take care of the wounded."

They looked in wonder at the smears of red paint on my helmet and coat and at the Geneva brassard on my sleeve.

"Ja, ja," one of them said. *"Priester, Katholisch!"*

"Ja, ja," I answered. "Let me go to the wounded in the field."

I tried to convey the idea with wild gestures and took from my pocket the oil stocks containing the *oleum infirmorum.* One of them started to take it from me, for it did look like a bullet of some sort.

"No, no, *oleum sanctum*—holy oil," I said as I made the sign of the cross in his direction with my thumb.

With a wave of his hand he bid me go. I took one look at Lieutenant Diamon, our battalion surgeon, and asked him if any of the wounded he was caring for were in a critical condition.

"No. They're all right, Father." So I retraced the field in search of dead and unconscious men. Inside a hole ten feet in diameter and three feet deep—the scar left on the earth by an artillery shell of a previous engagement—I found a soldier

with a bullet through his head. The shot had penetrated his skull just between the eyes. He was unconscious and breathing his last. Pulling out his dog-tag I saw his name and religion: Harold Greenspan, Hebrew. His breathing stopped, his head slumped, he lay lifeless in my arms.

Toys of War

Fortunately, there were no other dead on the field. It was evident that the Germans were more intent upon capturing our vehicles intact than they were in killing or wounding Americans. All over the area German boys were having a field day driving our jeeps around in circles, starting and stopping them, tinkering with the mechanism and otherwise enjoying these toys of war. Others had taken equipment from the vehicles and were rummaging for souvenirs and cigarettes. One of the pieces on the ground was the foot-locker of Captain Spadola. A Nazi took a wrench and forced the lock. Over the grass he strewed dress uniforms, shoes, coats, summer outfits and sundry small articles. The equipment was all scattered to the winds as the boy walked off with a tube of toothpaste in his hands—his precious souvenir.

In a column of fives the captured were now led off down a country road. The captors were in a great hurry to get us out of sight. In a corner of the field our ambulance, the truck with the red cross, the medics, plus the wounded were grouped together. Diamon, Blacke, and Hene, the only medical officers with us, were administering first aid. None of the wounded were in a critical condition. A few bandages and splints saved the situation temporarily and injections of morphine relieved the pain. The Germans, while respecting the need for care of the wounded, were insisting that we move off quickly.

I slipped away from the group to take another look at the field. As I did, a German boy came up with six cartons of American cigarettes in his arm.

"Here, you are a good priest," he said in English as he presented me with a full carton.

I thanked him and took them, knowing that it would not be long before someone would be hankering for them.

The Germans decided to house the prisoners at Limburg. Herded aboard trains, they arrived at that town only to find the camp was

overcrowded and the authorities refused to receive them. The train was shunted to a siding. That night they endured a frightful pounding from American fighters that were attempting to interdict the yard to enemy traffic.

The dawn of Christmas eve was bright and cold. We were feeling the cold all the more because of lack of food. The train had not moved during the night, nor could we move in daylight for lack of tracks. The bombing of the previous night had gutted the road-bed ahead of us. In the course of the morning we learned that several of our men had been killed during the raid and others injured. All were men who had broken out of the cars and tried to flee the target. One car suffered a few minor casualties when a large boulder landed on the roof and then crashed through to the floor.

Talking into Boxcars

At noon we were to get some food. Before anything was done about it, however, the sirens announced that planes were over the country. There was fear of another raid on Limburg. Some of the senior officers who knew there were chaplains on the trains asked if we might say a few words to the men locked in the cars. Chaplain Mark Moore started the search for us and then assigned a number of cars to each. A guard unlocked the door and let me out. In order to be heard within a car it was necessary to climb up the iron ladder on the outside of the car until the face was level with the little windows. While almost chinning myself, I gave an exhortation to patience, courage, and prayerfulness to the Christ whose birth the world was on the eve of celebrating. Two announcements we had to make: we would be given food when the present alert was over, and we would move on to a prison camp as soon as the tracks were repaired. As I was climbing the sides of the boxcars I could see something that was not visible to the men and which gave the lie to everything I was telling them. Civilians by the hundreds were slowly moving into a large air raid shelter which was dug into the side of a hill. They carried blankets and baskets of food. It was clear to me that another raid was expected before the day was done. After visiting about twelve cars and answering many questions about the situation and the people I had seen in my

travels up and down the train, I had to give up. The job of supporting myself and talking at the same time began to tell on me and I felt weak. The sun was sinking low when I returned to my car hoping and praying there would be no raid this night.

In the gathering twilight some women came beside the train with bread. They were conducting what practically amounted to an auction. Moving from car to car they asked what they could have in exchange for a loaf of bread. Then, without concluding a bargain they would move on to the next car. Where the offerings were highest they traded their wares.

After much haggling and collecting the boys with me obtained four loaves of bread in exchange for several bill-folds, some fountain pens, and a few packages of cigarettes. Four loaves of bread for sixty men, "What are these among so many?" They brought the loaves to me, perhaps in the hope that I might perform a miracle of multiplication. I appreciated the courtesy, but suggested that we get a mess sergeant to do the dividing. We had with us in the car, Sergeant John Barbeau, cook of the anti-tank Company of the 422nd Regiment, whose home is in Dayton, Ohio. Under the light of a few matches and the beam from a flashlight with a very weak battery Johnny divided the bread into sixty equal parts and all were satisfied—not so much with the quantity as with the fairness of division.

With the twelfth of a loaf of bread in us for the day's supply of calories, we felt warmer and happier.

"Father, just think, this is Christmas Eve. You will have to say a good prayer with us tonight. And let's sing all the Christmas songs we know." I must confess that remarks like this made me very happy. It was really worth the price of suffering to be with this gang of grand American boys.

Christmas Eve Devotions

When all were seated and sleeping arrangements were finished to the satisfaction of all, and the friendly arguments and joking quieted down, I began our Christmas eve devotions thus:

"At ease.

"Fellows, we are in a tough spot on a night like this when

our thoughts can not but cling to our homes, our dear ones, and the joys that should be ours at Christmas. You have been very thoughtful in asking me to pray with you the past few nights, and I appreciate your respect and reverence for the things I stand for. I will try my best to formulate in words what you all would like to say to God tonight. Try to follow me thoughtfully and reverently in the prayer that I say."

I spoke to them of Christmas; of God's great love for us; of the love that should be ours in return. I told them that their present sufferings could be offered to make up for their past misdeeds and would gain grace for themselves and others.

Then I concluded: "One last request we have to make and we make it with all our hearts. Lord, grant peace to the world. We have seen enough of the terrible things that war has brought to understand the great blessing of peace. Grant that we may soon gain a triumphant victory over our enemies and grant that the peace which Christ, who is called the Prince of Peace, came to bring us may be established all over the world. Amen.

"Now let us sing."

We sang Silent Night, Adeste Fideles, Little Town of Bethlehem, The First Noel, Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Then someone suggested Jingle Bells, and from that we went on to the popular songs of the army and the Hit Parade and the favorites of long ago.

When the singing tapered off into humming and intimate conversation in little groups, it was suggested that I tell a story. Now I was never successful at storytelling, hence I tried to beg off and urged that someone else do it. But all were insistent. I consented finally with these words: "The only story worth telling on Christmas Eve is the story of Christmas, so if you are willing to listen I will relate the events of the Birth of Christ."

The Sweetest Story Ever Told

So with an audience of fifty-nine GI's who were perhaps closer to me than any audience I had ever had and yet were invisible because of the total darkness in the box car, I began to relate the sweetest story ever told. It was a unique opportunity to explain the mystery of God's dealing with men.

I started with the Immaculate Conception (which necessitated a word on original sin), the espousals of Mary and Joseph, the Annunciation, and Incarnation, the decree of Caesar Augustus, the journey to Bethlehem, culminating in the events of the virgin birth.

This took perhaps an hour. The quiet of the car was gratifying. All seemed to be listening in rapture. I paused and waited for someone to speak, perhaps to ask a question or suggest some further development. No one spoke.

"Well," I said. "We can continue the story." I related the mystery of the shepherds and the coming of the hill people to the manger of the Christ Child. Another pause and still no one spoke. So I went on with the account of the coming of Kings from the East. That finished, there still was silence. I waited a longer time for some one to stir or break the magic spell. There was not even the glow from a cigarette. I whispered to Paul Dalton who was stretched out somewhere near me, "Paul, are you asleep?" There was no answer. In a louder voice I asked, "Is everybody satisfied?" No response. In a moderate tone I inquired, "Is anybody awake?" Not even the echo of my voice. All was still and calm and peaceful. It was in truth

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm . . .

I imagined the angels ever so softly singing,

Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

And I was very happy.

Father Cavanaugh remained in the prison camp of Bad Orb for two weeks. Finally officers and enlisted men were separated. Father Cavanaugh, as an officer, was assigned to Hammelburg. Before admittance into this new camp, the prisoners were again searched.

As each man was admitted he was assigned to a place at a long counter or table and given a stool or chair to stand on. He then removed every stitch of clothing he wore and handed it over to the inspecting officials. When they were satisfied that all documents, maps, secret weapons, or parts of radio sets

were not left in the pockets or sewed in the lining of shirts or pants, the clothes were returned to their owners who then dressed and left the building by another door. All of us had things we valued personally and did not care to have fall into enemy hands. Every effort to contact men, who had gone through the processing and to whom we could slip these articles, failed. So it was either destroy or surrender what things we had on us. As we glanced again and again during the intermittent openings of the door it was all too evident that this search was thorough and complete.

Searched

A deep secret of my own was now in jeopardy. Several weeks previously I had sewed into the hem of my trouser leg one ten and three twenty dollar bills, nicely concealed from any superficial inspection. Could I now take the chance of having them discovered, and I a priest? My better judgment prompted me to put the money in a place where it would appear that I was not attempting to conceal it. I ripped open the seam and transferred the money to a secret pocket in my wallet. I was then ready to expose myself and all that I carried on me or in my pocket to enemy view. The door opened; it was my turn to enter.

Assigned to a place at the counter, I said, "I am a Catholic priest. *Priester, Katholisch.*" A few eyebrows raised and a group of Germans gathered round. To prove the statement I withdrew from my pockets the winter volume of the breviary, a small ritual, my stole and the triple oil stocks. The breviary and ritual were passed from one to the other German and all nodded assent that they were evidence of the Catholic priesthood. The oil stocks were something new to them. For all the world this brass cylinder, the size of a small arms' cartridge, might be a booby trap, a secret weapon, a radio.

"Now, these are the holy oils," I said, "used in the administration of baptism and extreme unction."

"Oil for sacraments," one of them said in an undertone.

The sergeant held out his hand to take them from me.

"No," I said, "You cannot have this. This is a sacred thing. These oils are consecrated, and may not be profaned."

"Give me," he insisted.

"No, no, only for priest!" I was more insistent.

"Ja, ja." Another soldier came to my aid. "For sacraments, for priest." And he made a gesture in my direction that showed he understood the predicament I was in.

And they motioned me to put the oil stocks on the counter.

The emptying of my pockets proceeded. Out came my flashlight with the worn out battery, a wooden spoon, a penknife, two pocket notebooks, gloves, some handkerchiefs, a pair of socks, an overseas cap, a piece of soap, my watch, a comb, pen, and pencil. All these things were looked at with mingled disappointment and indifference. Then came the wallet. That was seized quickly and set apart with the notebooks and flashlight. Holding my breath and looking at them with an air of suspense I felt the last pocket in my pants and slowly pulled out the contents in one handful—three dollars and forty cents in American, British, French, and Belgian coins, a rosary, and a pair of dice. They all gazed at the little pile in silence and amazement. Then the sergeant picked up the dice. "You are some priest," he said in English and walked away.

"Helmet," said the clerk. My steel helmet and fiber helmet liner were passed back to a pile near a window, leaving me with only a little knit cap.

"Take off your clothes!" And beginning with my field coat, I removed field jacket, woolen shirt, woolen undershirt, and a cotton undershirt, shoes, woolen socks, cotton socks, pants, woolen drawers and cotton drawers. I stood there in my dog-tags, POW identification tag and scapular medal. The clothes were thoroughly searched to make sure nothing was hidden in them.

Before long I was fully dressed. My breviary and ritual were stamped *Geprüft* (passed by censor) and returned to me. I picked up the oil stocks casually, as a division was being made of the other things on the table. Everything was returned to me except the helmet, the flashlight, the two notebooks, my wallet, the coins and the pair of dice.

With Father Cavanaugh on the trip from Bad Orb to Hammelburg was Father Alan Madden, a Capuchin priest from Pittsburgh, who was with the 26th Pennsylvania Infantry Division and also captured in the Ardennes. Within a short time of his admittance to Hammelburg, Father Cavanaugh was able to contact Serbians who

were imprisoned in a compound adjoining the Americans. From one of them, Colonel Alexander Kostic, he learned an interesting fact.

"Breiner, do you know Breiner?" we asked.

Colonel Kostic exclaimed, "He is a priest."

"What does he look like?" we asked.

"He is a little man and always smiling."

Now our task was to find Breiner unostentatiously and casually as it were. All we knew from Kostic was that Breiner was an *Unteroffizier* who worked in the Serbian Lazaret, that he was a little man with a smile. From the hospital to the German enlisted men's barracks outside the prison the shortest route led through our compound. We had seen guards going back and forth daily. To meet Breiner therefore we loitered along Hermann Goering Strasse keeping our eyes set for a short smiling guard. Now and then a German soldier would stop to say a word or two, but not often as they held aloof in keeping with the regulation for all guards of prisoners of war. For three days our search brought no results. Then one morning Father Madden came in to the barracks all bright and happy.

Priest and Pharmacist

"I met Breiner and he is a Capuchin," he said.

From that day the two sons of St. Francis became great friends and had much in common to talk about. Not understanding German, I missed many of their Franciscan jokes. One pleasantry I did enjoy was that neither of them wore beards according to the Capuchin fashion—Father Madden because he had been exempt from the time of his entrance into the order; Father Breiner because of the exigencies of war.

The next day I, too, met Father Breiner, or as he was known in his order, Father Erluin. He answered Colonel Kostic's description perfectly, "a little man with a perpetual smile." As pharmacist in the hospital, he had a little office where he mixed and dispensed medicines to the prisoners of war. We told him of our desire to say Mass and our request for a Mass kit.

"It will come," he said, "but not very soon."

"Could you bring us Holy Communion?" we asked.

"Yes, tomorrow morning. Watch for me in the street, then follow me into the dispensary."

Next morning we were up early and on the watch. He came along quietly a little after seven, bowed recognition and walked into the dispensary. We followed at a casual distance and entered the building a few steps behind him. He went upstairs to a narrow corridor on the second floor. Unlocking the door of a small room, he admitted us and locked the door within. We knelt in silence beside a small table, the sole piece of furniture in the room. He laid his brief case on the table, unstrapped his pistol belt and laid the weapon beside his case. Then out of his pockets came a small crucifix, a ritual, a piece of candle and candlestick, his stole and the pyx wrapped in a corporal. He genuflected as Father Madden and I began to recite the *Confiteor* together. We got out of unison when Father Madden mentioned "our holy Father, St. Francis." Father Erluin said the prayers for Communion outside Mass, and gave us Holy Communion. Then silently he replaced the pyx, the candle and crucifix in his pocket, buckled on his weapon, and cleared the table of everything save the brief case. This he opened and gave to each one of us still kneeling at the table an apple and a German muffin, saying wittily the words of the prayer he had just recited, "Tam animae quam corpori." We left the room and building separately. Erluin to his day's work, Alan and I in opposite directions to make an appropriate thanksgiving. This sweetly consoling and charmingly simple ceremony took place every three or four days for the next two weeks.

Letter to Berlin

I came down with dysentery. During my illness good Father Madden carried on the campaign to get a Mass kit from the Germans. Two and a half weeks had passed since our first request and still we were put off with vague promises. For three Sundays we conducted services without Mass. On the 31st of January we decided on a drastic step; we wrote a formal and urgent letter in Latin to the Apostolic Nuncio in Berlin.

To the Papal Nuncio,
The Apostolic Nunciature,
Berlin.

Your Excellency,

In Oflag XIIIB the two undersigned American priests have been prisoners of war for three weeks. We have repeatedly asked the officials of the camp to provide us with the essentials for the celebration of Mass. Our patience is exhausted. In the neighboring village there are two Catholic priests who can help us, but neither we nor the German soldiers are allowed to approach them.

We therefore ask your Excellency to help us. Thus you will aid not only us priests but the Catholic men who are our fellow prisoners to enjoy the consolations and freedom of religion, which the German Government, according to the Geneva Convention, has promised.

We commend ourselves to your Holy Sacrifices.

Your Excellency's servants in Christ,
Paul W. Cavanaugh, S.J.
Alan P. Madden, O.F.M.Cap.

This letter was presented open (we had no envelope to put it in) to the commandant, Hauptmann Stammler. He read it with interest, translated it into broken English and remarked pleasantly, "You have a fine Latin style." He broke our bold front with this remark and we all laughed. We then discussed ecclesiastical ceremonies, the Latin liturgy, and German cathedrals, discovering in the course of the conversation that the German Captain had a brother a priest in Bavaria.

On the evening of the next day, February 1st, a German guard delivered without comment to Father Madden a knapsack containing complete equipment for Mass. We were delighted and spread the good tidings to the Catholics in prison. The following day was the first Friday of the month and the feast of the Purification of Our Lady. Without saying a word to the Germans we passed the news around the camp that there would be Mass at four P.M. in Barracks 11-7 and that the men should come in quietly without making any appearance of having an objective in view or seeming to be congre-

gating. At three-thirty they began to drop in singly and in twos. By four o'clock we had a congregation of sixty men.

First Mass in Prison

We had moved the tables to one side except for the one we used as an altar. The chairs, boards and benches in the room were arranged in the form of a church. In that rude and lowly setting the great event of the first Mass in Oflag XIIIB brought all the participants great consolation. Surely we knew that The Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Mother had answered our prayers. We had many reasons to be grateful to them. The setting was rough, but faith was there. The immaculate whiteness of the clean altar linens was intensified by the dirty aspect of the men, the furniture, and the barracks. It seemed almost like a desecration to put the spotless white alb over my dirty clothes. The white silk chasuble had evidently been made by some nuns who were suffering from the poverty caused by the war. They had no gold braid to hem the edges but just enough to outline the large cross on the back. In the center was an inscription, *Christus ist mein Leben.* The letters forming the legend were carved out of wood, then colored with a silver paint; each individual letter was glued securely to the cloth. As Mass began the sky cleared and the setting sun shone in upon the altar through the dirty window. It almost seemed that God was sending a visible token of His good pleasure. Mattie Giuffre expressed in writing what thoughts were in the minds of the men who knelt around that altar: "I can't express my gratitude adequately enough to you and Father Madden for the spiritual guidance you gave us all, for the symbol of home and good life you represented in that unusual circumstance, for the courage you imbued us with, for everything good you both represented. I shall never forget you both as you said Mass in your vestments, the sun shining in over the altar and you in an aura of heavenly light that spoke eloquently of godliness and good faith."

The block commandant saw the crowd coming out of Barracks 8-5 one afternoon after Mass. We had for some time given little thought to secrecy in holding our afternoon service, though we continued to hold Mass in a different room every day. It was always a big event for the prisoners who oc-

cupied the particular room where Mass was said. The Oberleutnant investigated and discovered we had just finished Mass. He sent for me a few minutes later.

"How often do you have divine service?" he asked.

"Every day," was my bold reply.

"Does General von Goeckle know *that*?" he asked.

"I don't care whether he does or not," I answered.

"I shall have to inform him," he stated hesitatingly.

The Oberleutnant was torn with indecision. The next few days we were just a little more cautious in leaving the room where Mass was said. Then the Oberleutnant sent for me again. He had some good news. "I told General von Goeckle about your divine service every afternoon. He was very glad to hear it and approves of it highly."

"Thank you, sir," I said. "I will be very happy to have you and Herr General come to Mass any day with us."

Was this a *volte-face* or had we been too suspicious of a hostile attitude toward religion on the part of the high command of Hammelburg prison? It may well have been that the impending doom of Nazi Germany softened the policy of the *Wehrmacht*. Yet in fairness to our captors it cannot be said that outside of the demand to censor sermons we were officially denied the freedom of worship for which we fought.

After this incident we changed our method of conducting Mass from the secrecy of the barrack to the large public hall in the administration building. We even advertised Mass on the bulletin board.

Murder by a Guard

On March 16th Lieutenant John Weeks was killed by a guard. It was the first day we had been permitted to go to the latrine during those protracted air raid alerts. As the raids were becoming longer and more frequent, Colonel Goode arranged with General von Goeckle for the prisoners to go to the latrine with this provision that they go alone and not in groups. The siren announced that planes were near about nine o'clock that morning. All of us were confined to our barracks and wished we could get out into that warm sunshine. I was playing bridge in a tournament game in Barracks 11-7. Several men from Barracks 10 and 11 had used the

new privilege and gone down the street, turned right to the latrine and then returned. From the windows some of the men noticed that the guard at the gate fifty feet from the corner of the building, but on the opposite side of the barbed wire, was muttering something to the men as they passed.

Lieutenant Weeks left his room across the street, walked down to the corner with his hands in his pockets. He had just turned his back to the guard when there was a shot. The guard had leveled his rifle on a strand of the wire and hit Weeks in the back of the neck. We heard the shot and looked out the window. At the moment we did not know who fired the shot or why. Immediately another guard came running to the fence. The two were gesticulating and looking toward the end of our building. There was a hubbub in all the barracks.

"Don't go outside!" was the warning someone kept repeating.

"What happened?"

"That guard fired his rifle!"

"Did he aim at a prisoner?"

Someone came from the back of our room. "They say there is an officer lying around the corner," he said.

When I heard that, I went to the back of the room, jumped out the window, and ran along the edge of the building to the corner. From the barracks back of ours someone yelled, "Father! Don't go out there!" I was concealed from the view of the guard at the corner, but could see Weeks lying face down, his hands still in his pockets, and a stream of blood trickling four or five yards down the gentle slope of the walk. It was not the sight of blood that frightened me, but the way that blood was acting. Natural healthy blood does not flow like milk, but congeals and coagulates. "Is this the condition all of us are in?" I thought to myself. I peeked around the corner and saw that there were several guards now congregated at the gate. No POW'S had come out of the barracks. There was no doubt about Weeks' being unconscious; most probably he was dead.

"Hey, Father, get inside! Do you want to get shot?" someone yelled.

I crept back along the barracks' wall, and climbed through the window. After crossing the room to the windows from

which we could see the guards, I noticed Colonel Goode and several other Americans with some German officers passing up the street. It was safe to go outside now. I jumped out the back window again, ran to Weeks and anointed him. There was a hole in the back of his neck at the top of the spine.

When the alert was over, Weeks was picked up and taken to the morgue on a stretcher. Next day General von Goeckle apologized to Colonel Goode for the action of the guard, but that did not restore life to a fallen hero, nor erase cold-blooded murder. We buried Weeks with military honors.

Funerals

February 17th I was summoned to conduct the funeral of Private Robert E. Simmons of Carlisle, Ohio, who died of pneumonia in the Stalag. He was one of several American enlisted men from Stalag XIIIC to die at Hammelburg. Sergeant Toothman, the man of confidence from the Stalag, met me at the prison gatehouse. A man of confidence, by the way, in the parlance of the Geneva convention, is not a crook, but the representative of a group of prisoners of war in their dealings with enemy officials. I was issued a pass to identify myself and my mission. With Toothman I went to the camp hospital where a detail of twenty-four enlisted men were waiting. A German non-commissioned officer led us to the room where the body of Simmons lay. It was a mortuary chapel with a few potted evergreens before a fresco of Christ inscribed with the words, *Ich bin die Auferstehung und das Leben.* The body of Private Simmons lay on a table wrapped in blankets. On the floor was the wooden coffin in which he was to be buried. Our instructions were to place the body in the coffin, nail it shut, and return the blankets to the Germans. This we did with tender care realizing that we were doing our best for a hero that had given his life for the cause we held most dear. The arrangements completed, six of the burial party lifted the coffin to their shoulders and we formed the funeral procession. Down the Adolf Hitler Strasse we slowly walked, I leading the column with the purple stole fluttering around my neck. It was a bitterly cold day and snowing. About every four hundred yards we halted to allow six other men to carry the precious burden. After walking a little more than a mile,

we reached the military cemetery. There were plots and monuments to the dead of World War I, English, Russian, Italian, Polish, and German soldiers. At the far end were sections where the various nations buried their fellow prisoners of this war. Simmons' grave was the seventh in the American plot. Another group of American enlisted men had just finished digging the grave before the cortege arrived. They stood at attention in a neat rank, as did the German guards who accompanied us, while the coffin was placed on ropes and lowered into the grave. I read the funeral service from the ritual and spoke a few words of encouragement to those present. Then the grave was filled in and marked with a wooden cross. In the same manner I buried Sergeant Ladislao Loera of New Gulf, Texas, on February 23rd, and Cpl. Joseph J. Shernigo, of Winber, Pennsylvania, on March 4th.

Attempted Liberation

Unknown to the prisoners of Hammelburg, an attempt was being made by American forces to liberate them. On the evening of March 26 an American task force under Captain Abraham Baum started off from the lines of Patton's Third Army 60 miles west of Hammelburg. At 3:30 the next afternoon, as Father Cavanaugh began Mass, there was a distinct sound of gunfire across the hills.

"Since no more can get here, I will start Mass immediately and give you general absolution before Holy Communion," I said. While I was vesting several shots landed very close to the camp. I began the prayers at the foot of the altar with some trepidation.

At the gospel a shell exploded in our camp. We all dropped flat on the floor, I under the table we used for an altar. A few tense moments waiting for another hit; but it did not come. I stood up, told the men to be calm (though I did not give them very good example) and to remain kneeling. "If anything happens, just stretch out on the floor. I'll give you general absolution now." With trembling hands I made the sign of the cross over the kneeling congregation.

At the *lavabo* the building shook with another explosion—a direct hit, it seemed. Again we were all prone on the floor. A few more moments of terrifying waiting and a dead silence. I realized I must finish the Mass quickly. I stood up.

"Men, be calm," I said to the prostrate forms. "I am going to shorten this mass as much as possible, so that everyone may get to Holy Communion. We will have only the consecration and communion. Then I will distribute Holy Communion."

Facing the altar I read the *Hanc igitur* prayer. In the tenseness of the situation the words were packed with meaning. "Graciously accept, O Lord, this offering of our subjection to you. Give us peace today. Save us from eternal damnation and number us in the flock of your chosen ones, through Christ our Lord."

Then the twofold consecration and elevation.

The ringing of the bell was accompanied by another explosion in the camp. Quickly I said the threefold, *Domine, non sum dignus.*

The host and chalice were consumed. On the corporal lay the pile of small particles. Filling the paten with them, I turned to the congregation.

"Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who takes away the sins of the world."

Burp, burp-burp went a German gun. Put-put-put a machine gun answered.

I began distributing Holy Communion; even here the ceremonies were mutilated. The rubrics call for the formula of Viaticum in a situation like this, "Receive, brother, the viaticum of the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who, we hope, will preserve you from the treacherous enemy and bring you to eternal life. Amen."

The formula was too long to repeat with each Communion, and my trembling hands made me fear dropping a consecrated Host. I gave Holy Communion as fast as I could, while the men pressed toward the semicircle around the altar. They were composed and orderly, but I could not help noticing how the tenseness of fear relaxed in their faces as each one received the Body of Christ.

There were approximately a hundred men at Mass. Just as I finished the last line of communicants, a tremendous shout and laughing came from men who had rushed from the barracks into the street. I looked at my congregation; they were quiet and absorbed in their thanksgiving prayers. With relief I turned to the altar and finished the Mass. After Mass we

said the Novena to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal and the Litany of St. Joseph. Then I turned to the kneeling crowd.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Father, we're free! We're liberated!"

"The German General has surrendered to Colonel Goode."

"The Stars and Stripes are flying from this building."

Unfortunately they were not liberated. The task force broke into the prisoners' compound appalled to find 3000 Americans there. They had been told that only 300 were present. The American liberating force had originally consisted of 293 men. Whittled down now by casualties, it was unable to accommodate all who wished to accompany it. Father Cavanaugh elected to stay at Hammelburg. It is just as well that he did. Only nine of the original 293 Americans regained their lines. Patton, admitting that he had made a mistake in not sending a sufficient force, decorated Captain Baum with the Distinguished Service Cross. Critics of the General wondered why he had selected the one camp where his son-in-law was a prisoner.

The remaining prisoners moved out under German guards. On the morning of April 5th they came to the outskirts of Nuremberg. As they looked into the skies they saw vapor trails streaming from the wings of B-17s. They were glad to see American planes until they suddenly realized the purpose of the bombers.

Bombed by Americans

"My God, we're on the target!" somebody yelled as he pointed directly overhead.

The thin white trails of the target markers were coming down almost perpendicularly upon us.

"Let's run." But where could we run to? There were no shelters near, nor even holes close enough to get into.

I jumped to my feet, and yelled in either direction, "Make an act of contrition!" I repeated the short formula of general absolution first to my right and then to my left.

Bombs were landing on the factories on the opposite side of the railroad. I fell prone and pulled my blanket over my head and began to pray.

I could feel the earth tremors rolling under me.

The bombs continued to land for a few more seconds; then a lull. I looked up. Billowing clouds of smoke and flame came from the factories. Men were still running away like pygmies.

"Keep down! Keep down!" came a scream.

Another flight was moving in. The roar of the ack-ack was deafening and the sky was dotted with the black puffs of their bursts.

The second flight began releasing its cargo of destruction. The bombs, the ack-ack, the explosions of chemicals in the munitions works, all combined into a reverberating thunder of demolition.

The third formation passed over the target. The crackling sound of fires and falling walls was added to the surging rumble. "This must be the end," I thought and peeked out from under the blanket at the men sprawled out near me. There was a strange darkening of atmosphere. Madden, Smolka, Keough, Prior, Losh, everyone seemed to be clinging to the ground and trembling. The earth beneath us shook again as the fourth flight emptied their bomb-bays.

By now the atmosphere was dusty and heavy. Fragments of debris and sand were literally raining on our side of the railroad.

"Stay down! There's a fifth flight up there."

The bombs were already on their way down.

Boom . . . and a geyser of earth and sand spouted on our side of the track.

Boom . . . Boom . . . and each time we felt the explosion was nearer to us.

Then five bombs landed almost simultaneously on the area where we were. The noise was terrific; the heaving of the earth staggering, a rain of sand, gravel, and dirt came down upon us. Men screamed: "Doctor! Doctor!"

Last Rites

I yanked the blanket from my head. The thick dust and raining sand made everything dark. I took the holy oils from my pocket, stood up among the prostrate forms and fallen trees and started to work. There was confusion everywhere. Dead men lay among the injured. Those unhurt revived from their fright, stunned to find themselves alive.

Beginning with the nearest mangled body I anointed every dead and prostrate form I could find. I ran from one to another on the spur of the moment, not noticing where I was going nor paying any attention to the shouts that were made at me.

The thunderous inferno of raging fires and explosions kept many men pinned to the ground. The target had been gasoline dumps and ammunition factories. Sections that had not received direct hits were ignited by the heat and explosions from the parts that did.

I paid slight attention to the identity of those whom I anointed. Few were recognizable where they lay. The farther I went the more dense the dead and dying became. I reached the head of the column. By then every able man was up and working with the dead and wounded. I collected my senses for a moment in the midst of pandemonium.

"I surely have missed some . . ." I thought, ". . . and there is the other half of the column."

A yard or two from the head of the column lay a man in a German officer's uniform. It was Stammler, captain of the guard company. Running over I saw that his head was all but severed, and I anointed him. He was a Catholic and had been very decent to me as a priest.

Through the ferment and terror I hurried, jumping over fallen trees and fallen bodies. To add to the excitement, a water main had been broken and the bomb craters and low places were filling up with water. Some wounded men were in danger of drowning.

"Father, come and help us get this man out!" shouted three officers, while near them three others looked on stupified. I shook two of them out of their daze, "Come on, get busy! Help these fellows here. I have other work to do."

I jack-rabbitted along the disordered lines, perhaps anointing a second time men who had been moved. How many anointings there were is impossible to say, perhaps fifty, perhaps over a hunderd. Eventually I reached the other end of the column. There were not so many hurt in that part of the area.

Running to the area where the bombs had fallen, I found the tree to whose roots I had clung during the agonizing duration of the bombing. Five feet away lay Johnny Losh on his stomach. His buddy, Jim Keough, was sitting beside him. Johnny smiled in his pain, "Hello, Father, I'm glad you did not get hit."

"Johnny got hit in the side, Father," said Jim.

And I looked at the bloodstained shirt that had been wrapped around his abdomen to hold his vitals in.

I paused to speak with him, gave him absolution again, and tried to console him.

"Do you think I'll be all right, Father?"

"I sure hope you will be, Johnny. We'll get a doctor here for you in a few minutes."

The doctor did his best but a few days later John Losh died in the British hospital for prisoners of war near Nuremberg.

Another bomb crater was about eight feet deep. In the water that was seeping into the hole several valiant souls worked to remove a dead man and two wounded. The work was hard as the walls of sand were slippery. From this crater I measured with my eye the distance to where I had lain. It was about sixteen yards. Why we were not all killed within that radius is explained by the sandy condition of the terrain. The bombs penetrated deep and thus lessened the lateral fragmentation. Near that hole were several trees splintered and gnarled by the bombs, some broken off, others with their tops bent to the ground. In that tangle were three more wounded who were hard to extricate because of the weight of the trees and the running water. There also were two horses which had been hitched to a wagon that had pulled under the trees at the time of the alert. Both animals lay dead. There were four more bomb craters in the area, many more mangled trees, and pools of bloody water. With supreme effort the dead and injured were removed from that location to the road.

Captain John Madden came up to me, "Father, one of the Protestant chaplains has been killed and the others want you to come over here." I went with John to the site where Chaplain Koskamp lay. Chaplains Moore, Curtis and Stonesifer were working over him and had just identified him. His face was charred and when first the cross was noticed on his collar, they had said, "Oh it's Father Cavanaugh."

"No it isn't Father Cavanaugh," said John Madden. "He is over there giving the last rites to the wounded."

"Well, please ask him to come over here," they said.

As I stooped to anoint him the mark of the oily cross on his soot-covered forehead where I had already done so was plainly visible.

Care of the Wounded

Within an hour after the bombing the guards gathered the living together and marched them off—a column of four hundred. Fifteen of us stayed to care for the wounded and the dead, three doctors, four chaplains, and seven line officers. The wounded needed our attention first. A truck and trailer came from Nuremberg and transported as many as could be carried to a German hospital. Some German Red Cross women came with syrettes of morphine and sterile bandages to administer what first aid they could. Later two more open trucks arrived from the British prisoner of war hospital to remove the wounded. With them came Captain Frank R. Lauvetz of Omaha, Nebraska, who had been with us for a few weeks at Hammelburg before being transferred to Nuremberg to do medical work. He had brought splints, litters, and bandages. We loaded the trucks with the most seriously wounded. Some twenty or more injured men still remained. We gathered them together in a grassy spot, covered them with blankets and tried to make them as comfortable as possible.

We finally turned to the dead. Twenty-four bodies were lined up in orderly rows on the grass, identified, and tagged. Chaplains Moore, Curtis and Stonesifer did the graves registration work here; they removed billfolds and keepsakes that the men had had on their persons and made a record of their deaths.

All this time the ammunition factory and dumps kept blazing violently. Columns of black smoke rose into the sky; thundering explosions of chemicals terrorized us. Occasionally fragments from the explosives landed near us.

After four o'clock another truck came to remove the score or more of less seriously wounded. We combed the bombed area for the last time to make sure that no one was missed. Two cardboard boxes the size of bushel baskets were filled with human parts, legs, feet, arms and chunks of flesh. We placed these near the rows of dead that they might have proper burial.

Our work was done. For the first time we realized how fatigued we were. Unteroffizier Bergman, a sergeant of the guards, asked me for a cigarette.

"Yes, here, take all you want, but get me a drink of water." I handed him an opened pack of cigarettes and slumped to the

ground. Bergman soon brought the water and revived me. He sat down on the grass beside me and we looked over the scene of carnage. We could find no words. One of the doctors came over. "What about the burial of our dead?"

"We are too weak to dig graves," I said. "Besides, this is no place for even a temporary cemetery."

Some civilians came to make arrangements for the funeral. They assured us that our dead would be given a reverent burial. Next day some American prisoners who were in the area buried them in the Sudfriedhof, a cemetery in Nuremberg.

At five o'clock we weary Americans were gathered together by the six guards who had stayed with us. We were silent and pensive as we moved away from the rows of dead down the road to the south. Chaplains Moore and Stonesifer and I walked along together.

"We three have gone through much suffering together," said Mark Moore. "We were in the same class in Chaplains' School, served in the same division, were captured at the same time, have been prisoners in the same camps."

After a turn to the right we reached the *Autobahn* to Munich and the Austrian frontier, a magnificent highway four lanes each way with a parkway in the middle. It was all but devoid of traffic. To our right was the huge engineering project of the anti-aircraft sites built for the defense of the city.

The evening was clear and warm as we pulled our tired feet along. Four times we took to the side of the road at the sound of planes approaching, frightened at the danger of strafing.

Cistercian Abbey

As the column of prisoners wended its way southeast through Bavaria, Father Cavanaugh frequently said Mass in the Catholic churches of the villages through which they passed. At one such Mass Father Theobald from the local Cistercian Abbey of Seligenporten was present.

After Mass Father Theobald told me in Latin that the Father Abbot wished to invite me to dine with the community at noon. I laughingly thanked him and the Abbot, but explained that I was a prisoner of war and would not take the

chance of going three kilometers in the middle of the day alone. I pictured how sweet it would be to eat in a religious house again and on this day too, the feast of the Annunciation. I was resigning myself to eating soup out of a tin can when Hauptmann Minner came running up excitedly.

"Do you want to go to the monastery for dinner?"

"Of course I do," I smiled.

"I will go with you as your guard."

"Fine, I'll go."

I quickly got together some clean equipment. I shaved, washed my head, and tried to clean my dirty clothes and shoes. For the first time I became embarrassed at my filthiness. Walking mud roads, sleeping in barns, eating in awkward situations, not to mention the soot from the Smokey Joe stoves that still clung to us, all conspired to make us feel at home with tramps and vagrants. Now suddenly to be invited to dine in a monastery—the very thought of which suggests cleanliness—filled me with shame. I scrubbed hard, but was not too successful in my efforts. In spite of my squalid appearance I set off for the Cistercian abbey with Hauptmann Minner in the spring sunshine.

"Hey, Father, where are you going?" a solicitous prisoner called to me down the road.

"I'll be back. Don't worry about me."

At the door of the church Father Theobald met us and showed us the new abbey church and the old cloister where Cistercian nuns had sung the midnight praises of the Lord as long ago as the thirteenth century. The part of the building once occupied by nuns was now an historic relic protected by a government committee for the preservation of historical monuments.

We entered the monks' cloister and proceeded to Father Abbot's room. His desk was piled high with letters, his table with magazines and papers, and the walls with shelves of books. The abbot was an ascetic looking priest with black beard. I told him I had to come all the way across Germany to make my first acquaintance with a Cistercian abbot. I explained in Latin how pleased I was to come and how kind of Hauptmann Minner to bring me. "Bonum et jucundum est habitare fratres in unum," said the Abbot.

Father Theobald spoke Latin fluently; Father Abbot had some difficulty but managed to remember some verses from the psalms. I explained that I was an American Jesuit Priest. "Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena?"

That I had been a prisoner at Bad Orb and at Hammelburg where we were liberated for a short time. "Laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus."

That we had been walking for two weeks from Hammelburg. "Beati immaculati in via." That we had lost twenty-seven men in a bombing. "Requiescant in pace." Thus it went on. The benign old man had a quotation for every topic.

Then we went to dinner. Twelve of us sat at the T-shaped table, six Brothers, three on either side of the stem; the Abbot, the three Cistercian priests, Hauptmann Minner and I on the crossbar.

Porcelain Dishes

Remember it was a feast day, a day of special meals in every religious community. After Father Theobald read the Gospel of the day in Latin, the Abbot said, "Deo Gratias" and we began a cross fire of conversation in Latin, German, and English. Minner could not understand the Latin, I failed to grasp the German, and the monks missed the English. However we enjoyed ourselves. First a Brother brought in a large tureen of potato soup, the like of which we had been served daily. But to sit at a clean table and eat from porcelain dishes made the soup taste much better than having it dumped into a tin can from an iron pot and eaten at the edge of a barnyard. Then came a small portion of roast pork, boiled potatoes and carrots. There was a slice of bread for each man at his place at table. No dessert, no wine, no coffee, not even a glass of water. Yet for all my dubiously meritorious fasting of the past months, it was more than I could eat. It proved what I had been telling my fellow prisoners for several months. "It's not the lack of food now that will do us permanent injury, but the abundance of good food that will be available after we are liberated."

At the conclusion of the meal, still sitting at the table, Father Abbott and his community said farewell to us; a strange place, I thought, to say goodbye to guests. We stood up

at table for the grace after meals. Instead of the *Laudate*, the Abbot intoned the *Miserere*, slipped his cowl over his head and led the procession of his community into the church to sing the praises of God. Hauptmann Minner and I stood at our places in the empty refectory.

"Well," he shrugged his shoulders, "shall we go back to the barn?"

By the time that the column of prisoners had reached Gars on the Inn River, American rescuing forces were hard on their trail. Feeling that if they delayed the Germans long enough their chances of rescue would be increased, the American commander ordered his men to disperse themselves about the town so that the guards would have difficulty in rounding them up again when it was time to move.

Redemptorists

I found myself in front of a two-story stone house with the monogram of the Society of Jesus worked in metal on the door. Two priests were looking out of an upper window. Perhaps this is a Jesuit house, I thought. I quickly mounted the steps and rang the bell. The door opened immediately and I exclaimed, *"Ich bin Priester . . . Katholisch . . . Jesuita."*

The Sister looked at me for a moment in surprise; then she laughed.

"Oh Father, come in!" she spoke in perfect English. "We are glad to have you come. Come upstairs to see the Fathers."

"Is this a Jesuit house?" I asked her.

"No. The Fathers here are Redemptorists. But you are a Jesuit?"

"Yes. From Chicago."

"Our founder is a Jesuit," she said with evident pride.

"So is our founder," I said. "Who is your founder?"

"Father Rupert Mayer. Have you ever heard of him?"

"The great orator of Munich, whom Hitler put in a concentration camp?"

"Yes. You know about him."

"What is the name of your congregation?" I asked her.

"Sisters of the Holy Family."

Upstairs three Redemptorist priests seemed to be equally alarmed about the blowing up of the bridge and the arrival of

Americans in Gars. They were surprised that I should have come into their house as a prisoner.

"That's all right, Fathers, Don't worry. The guards know me. I will stay with you only a short time."

Sister Paschalis, who had opened the door to me, asked if I wanted something to eat.

"Yes, I will take a meal."

Soon she brought a cake (one of those sugarless pound cakes), a bowl of soup, some bread and cheese. It was a joy to be so hospitably entertained. The Fathers recovered from their dismay at having an American soldier at their table. We talked freely in a three language conversation, Latin, German and English. Sister Paschalis communicated her gaiety and joy to all of us. Before I had finished my lunch, she brought me a large paper bag of sandwiches. "These are for your friends," she said.

But my friends were at the door.

Smolka and Madden came in to tell me that some of the stragglers had made contact with the 80th Division and that a task force was being sent to liberate us. The all convincing proof that liaison had been established between American prisoners and front line troops was the box of King Edward cigars which Lieutenant A. C. Stein of Cleveland brought with him into Gars. Smolka was too excited to stay in the Redemptorist house. He took the bag of sandwiches away with him, while Madden stayed for soup and cake.

Liberation

After he finished and to stall for more time, I said, "Sister, look how dirty we are. We have not had a bath for over three months."

"Yes, Father, I will heat the water."

Captain Madden and I had a bath and Sister gave us some clean socks. With the exception of socks and underwear I wore the same clothes which I had put on Thanksgiving Day. And since landing on the continent December 1st I had scarcely spent a night that I did not sleep in them. The bath was a foretaste of better things to come. For good measure we sprinkled DDT powder over the bathroom floor.

From our hosts we learned about the town of Gars. One of

the finest Byzantine churches of Germany is located here. Next to it was a large seminary of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. It had formerly housed three hundred students, but now was used as a hospital. No courses were being taught because of lack of students. There were also two other hospitals in the town conducted by two different sisterhoods. These three hospitals explained the reason for the red crosses on the roofs of the buildings.

Smolka came again to tell us that the Germans were trying to round us up, but that our own men were well scattered about the town. It seemed to the German soldiers that a battle was at hand. They were tense and excited, no doubt because they knew only too well that they would soon exchange places with us and themselves become prisoners of war. After three o'clock they made no further effort to guard us. They too would enjoy the brief moments of freedom that remained to them. Eating and drinking and visiting went on throughout the entire village. Americans and Germans fraternized over cups of coffee and mugs of Bavarian beer, waiting for the end.

At half past four o'clock a convoy of ten American tanks lumbered down the steep slope into Gars. Not a round was fired. Shouts of joy went up all over the village. "We're liberated!"

"What outfit do you belong to?" the tankers were asked.

"The 14th Armored Division!"

Their air reconnaissance had spotted us and their tanks had arrived before the 80th Division could get to us.

All through the town there was jubilation on the part of Germans and Americans alike. The Redemptorists in the seminary were serving meals to our men and offering them utensils to cook the food they had with them. The Sisters in the hospitals were doing the same for the men who dropped in there. In the homes of the people Americans were partaking of the hospitality of the townsfolk and giving them in return real coffee which they had not tasted in years.

Catholics, American and German, were visiting the great church, the most beautiful of all the Byzantine structures we had seen, to thank God for liberation and the protection of the city.

In the monastery at sundown Father Weishaupt candidly stated the feelings of the German common people: "Father, this is the day of your liberation and ours. We are freed from twelve years of the denial of freedom, of justice, and of truth."

Jesuits in Puerto Rico

Edward S. Dunn, S.J.

This short account of the work of the Jesuits in the island of Puerto Rico is admittedly inadequate. It is based entirely and solely on what information can be gleaned from the pages of the province catalogues in the Woodstock College Library collection. This note is offered in welcome to the "Golden Isle" into the American Assistancy and in answer to the question: what have we done there up to now?

The work of the Society of Jesus in Puerto Rico can be divided into three periods: the work of Father Margarit from 1836 to 1850; the Seminary College from 1858 to 1886; the modern efforts dating from 1946.

Father José Margarit, S.J., is first listed as working in Puerto Rico in the *Catalogus Provinciae Hispaniae* for the year 1837. Woodstock's copy of this catalogue is not *of* that year but one reprinted at and distributed from Madrid in 1890. (Many of our catalogues of the provinces in the early years of the restored Society and also of the mid-nineteenth century years of revolution were thus reprinted, based—we presume—on material gathered from the Provinces' Archives.) Father Margarit was born on October 15, 1806; entered the Society on June 20, 1819; passed through the course of studies provided in the only Spanish Province of those years; and was ordained, we must surmise, sometime in 1835 or 1836.

What he did in Puerto Rico is not told; only that he was there. Finally, he disappears from our view; he is not listed in the 1851 Catalogus. His death is not recorded on the *Vita Functi* page of that year or the next. Nor is he recorded at all in Vivier's volume of those who lived and died in the Society from 1814 to 1914. Still, his work there was the first phase of the Jesuit effort in Puerto Rico.

The second phase was better organized and more lasting. The *Catalogus Provinciae Hispaniae* for 1859 lists the *Collegium-Seminarium Portoricense,* inaugurated under Father José Maria Pujol, S.J., as rector on March 19, 1858 and having a staff of four priests, one scholastic and three Brothers. The next year the staff, under Father Emmanuel Ma. Solis as vice-rector, was increased by one more Jesuit in each of the grades and a Saint Dominic church is mentioned. In 1860 the first two Jesuit deaths on the island are recorded; a scholastic and a brother, both aged 23. The course of studies included lower and upper grammar, humanities and rhetoric. In the 1861 *Catalogus,* moral theology is added and in 1862, the Jesuit total is up to fifteen—seven priests, four scholastics and four Brothers.

Father José Lluch, S.J., became rector in July 1862. The next year saw the first division of the restored Spanish Province and Puerto Rico was put in the care of the new *Provincia Castellana.* Dogma, short course, was mentioned first in 1864. The number of scholastics at the Seminary was increased to seven, to reach a high of eight in the years 1865 to 1867. For these same years the Jesuit total was nineteen, to be the high point of Jesuit personnel for many years.

We do not know what tragedy struck the island or the Jesuits there in 1865. The list of *Vita Functi* of the following year's catalogue (1866) include one priest who died at 32; three scholastics, two aged 24, one 26; and a Brother 27 years old. That same catalogue has one novice Brother listed among the five Brothers. His name does not recur in the 1867 edition.

Father Ignatius Santos is vice-rector from 1869 to 1871, to be succeeded by Father Martin Goicoechea on Oct. 15, 1871; he ruled for almost 10 years.

From 1867 on, the enterprise is called more simply *Seminarium* with the course of studies running from elementary school, through all the grammars, rhetoric, philosophy, moral theology and "short" dogmatic theology. No mention is made of the total number of pupils or the number in any of the divisions. In 1876, the theologies were dropped, and in 1879, philosophy was eliminated from the curriculum. We can rightly suspect that a more popular approach to education of the youth of the island was attempted by these moves. For the

title on the *Catalogus'* pages is now *Collegium et Lycaeum Portoricense.*

Another division of the Spanish provinces in 1880 brought Puerto Rico under the *Provincia Toletana* and the next year's catalogue lists three Fathers as *Operarii ad S. Joseph.* The Jesuit personnel was now at twenty-one. Father Mariano Rodriguez took office as rector on March 15, 1881. Next year there were four Fathers and one Brother *ad S. Joseph.*

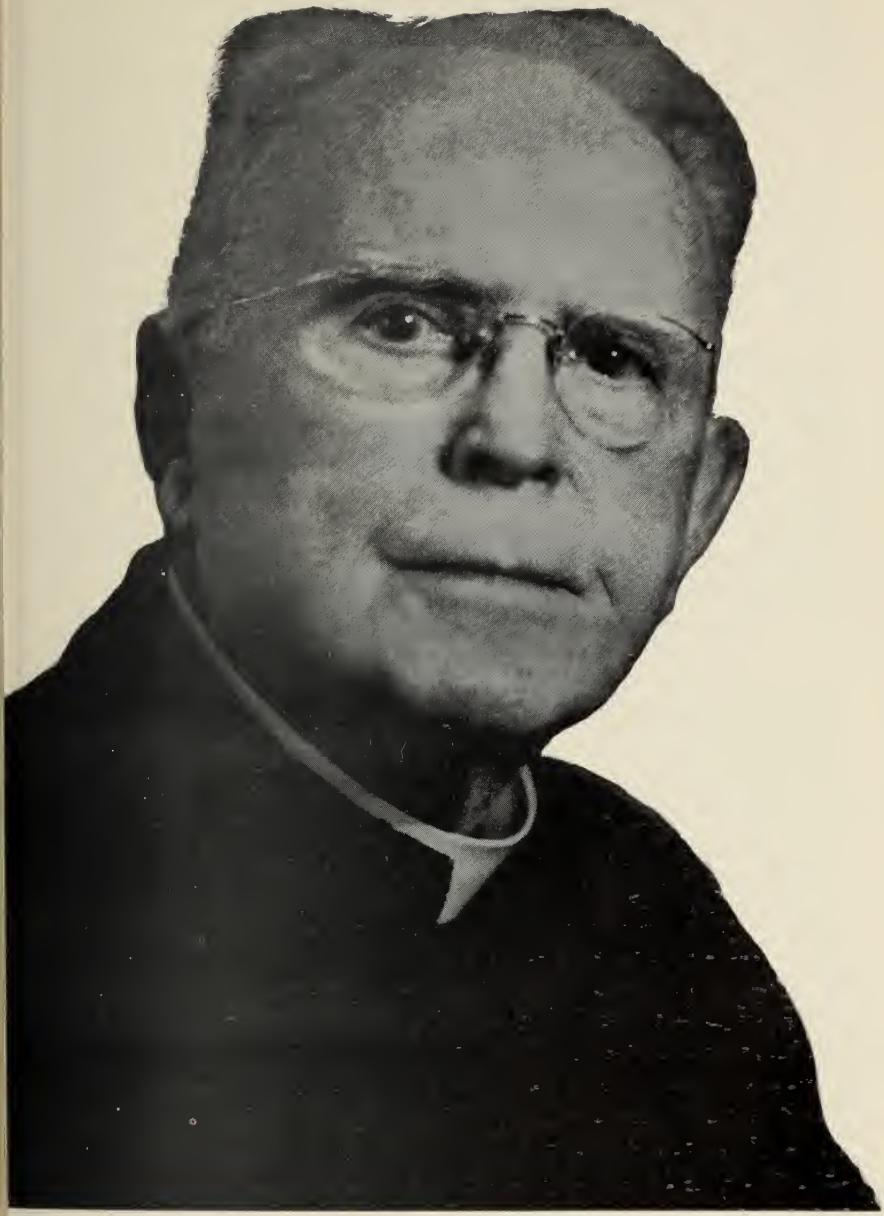
Up to now we have had no idea just where on the island this Jesuit work was centered. At last, in 1883, we are told that it is Colegio de Santurce when for the first time also mention is made of a *Convictus* for boarders, and the parish Fathers are separately listed under the heading *Residentia Portoricensis,* with Father Stephan Martin as *Minister.* That year the highest total for the Jesuit personnel was reached—twenty-three.

Father Francisco de P. Garzon went in as rector on Sept. 8, 1885 and the days of the Collegium Portoricense were numbered. One priest died there on Feb. 5, 1886. The school was closed at the end of that school year and we do not find it in the 1887 catalogue. Of the Jesuits, some returned to Spain; others went to Central and South America. Perhaps it was the greater interest and/or need in these areas that brought to an end the work in Puerto Rico. For the Jesuits in Spain were building up to large numbers in Latin America in the late years of the nineteenth century.

If Jesuits worked in Puerto Rico, and what they did there for the next 60 years, are not recounted here because nothing is recorded in the province catalogues. The formal inaugural of this third phase came with the appointment of Father Antonio Gonzalez Quevedo, S.J., as superior of Manresa Retreat House in Aibonito, P.R., on April 6, 1945. The 1946 *Catalogus Provinciae Legionensis* lists him and one priest and one Brother companion as the *Missio Portorricensis* under the dependent *Vice-Provincia Cubana*[1]. Two years later this community has been doubled to four priests and two Brothers.

In 1948 the work of an interdiocesan minor seminary was begun. Father Rafael Garrido, S.J., became its vice-rector,

[1] In the Latin word for Puerto Rico, the first letter of Rico is unaccountably doubled from 1945 to date.



FATHER PATRICK JOSEPH O'REILLY

while remaining as retreat house director, on Oct. 24, 1948. The arrival of five scholastics and one more Brother brought the Jesuit total to twelve. Within a year, in what is now called *Sectio Portorricensis,* there were fourteen Jesuits and—at last we know their number!—70 pupils.

The catalogue for 1951 tells us that Father Rector is in charge of building Saint Ignatius College. Two priests are assigned as spiritual counsellors and religion teachers in the Catholic University at Ponce. The Jesuits number nine priests, four scholastics and three Brothers—a total of sixteen. There are now 96 pupils.

By 1953, the *Sectio Portorricensis* is part of the independent Vice-Province of the Antilles. The work is called *Collegium Sancti Ignatii de Loyola Inchoatum* at Santurce, P.R., with Father José Ballesteros as vice-rector from Sept. 8, 1952. His community includes three priests, two scholastics and two Brothers; seven altogether. The seminary and retreat house community numbers ten priests—one of them from the New Orleans Province—five scholastics and three Brothers, totalling eighteen; with 112 students. Twenty-five Jesuits were on the island.

The succeeding years saw increases in the number of pupils; and additions to the small number of priests and scholastics from the American Assistancy. When the decree of Very Reverend Father General transferred the island of Puerto Rico to the territory of the New York Province on July 2, 1959, there were twenty-two Jesuits assigned to the Society's works on the island: at Rio Piedros, San Juan, a Colegio de San Ignacio—a high school with more new buildings going up—and San Ignacio parish; and the minor seminary and retreat house at Aibonito. There were twenty-one Jesuits in the Antilles Vice-Province who claim Puerto Rico as their birthplace, and are now members of the New York Province. Four young men of the island entered the novitiates of the New York Province in August and September, 1959. In Puerto Rico, the New York Province takes over works whose foundations are solid.

Father Patrick O'Reilly

Theodore J. St. Hilaire, S.J.

Father O'Reilly was being buried. To many of the two hundred Jesuits present, Father was the renowned preacher of missions, successful as an orator, and famous for not having broken his resolution "never to refuse an opportunity to say at least a few words."

Patrick Joseph O'Reilly started his life in the small town of Kilkee, Ireland, popular with tourists and vacationers. This quiet town of about 1600 residents lies facing America and is situated on the wild, west coast of County Clare, a short distance north of the Shannon's mouth. The rocky coast, with its irregular cliffs towering up from the sandy beach is perpetually pounded by the ever turbulent, often stormy sea. Out in the sea are islet extensions of the cliffs between which the tides rush with a foaming swirl. Ancient castles, earthen forts, holy wells, church ruins, and stories and legends of St. Senan and Scattery Island gave to Kilkee and the countryside its typical and rich Irish culture: a simple, Catholic culture.

In these surroundings and in the home of John and Margaret O'Reilly, the future orator was born on February 15, 1872. Here at Kilkee, where Pat spent the first eighteen years of his life, live an affable, friendly, loquacious, argumentative people. Patrick inherited the Kilkeean idiosyncrasy of thought, language, and a tone of voice which was soft, as any inflected in the Gaelic tongue.

During these eighteen years, like many another Kilkeean lad, Patrick attended the school of the local Convent of Mercy, and the national school for boys. Somewhere during these formative years, however, his father died. And across the Atlantic, in the far western state of Washington, U.S.A., Patrick's uncle, Martin J. Sexton, architect, sawmill man, and builder, lost his two sons in the diphtheria epidemic of 1890. Shortly an agreement was made between the two families. Patrick was to replace his two cousins in his uncle's plans. In 1890 he left to the care of his three sisters his mother, a woman still remembered in Kilkee for her kindness and charity for all.

Washington had barely acquired statehood when the young Irishman entered its boundaries. The previous year four of its communities: Seattle, Spokane, Vancouver, and Ellensburg had suffered devastating fires. Consequently, Patrick's opportunities to learn and to use the art of building were many. Industriously he set about his task, at the same time acquiring for himself a house and some real estate. Perhaps he hoped later to bring his mother and sisters to America; but God had other plans for him.

Father Cataldo

Among the frequent visitors to Uncle Martin were Father Joseph Cataldo, S.J., and his companion Jesuits. These men so impressed Martin Sexton that he chanced to remark one day, "If I had my life to live over again, I would become a Jesuit priest." This provoked some deep thought in the serious-minded Patrick. He consulted Father Cataldo who advised some studies, a year's stay at Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho, and a trip to New York. When Patrick completed these he entered the DeSmet Novitiate on July 8, 1893. Sixty years after that date he would recall his uncle's remark by saying, "If I had it all to do over again, I'd do exactly the same thing."

Carissimus O'Reilly found the novitiate interesting enough, for the bears and the Indian teepees near-by were a novelty. But Patrick received more than a change of scenery at DeSmet for after two years under Father Nicholas Cocchi, master of novices, he pronounced his first vows. Then followed the four years of regency in Montana at St. Francis Xavier Mission among the Crow Indians, two years of philosophy at Gonzaga College, Spokane, and another year of regency, this time at St. Ignatius Mission near Missoula, Montana. Next came his final year of philosophy and three years of theology, all at Gonzaga. Upon the completion of theological studies, Patrick O'Reilly and three companions were ordained by Bishop Edward J. O'Dea on May 31, 1906. From that day forward, he would always be first and foremost the priest.

After ordination Father O'Reilly spent two more years at Gonzaga, this time as a teacher. Next he was put on the Mission Band. At last the zealous Irishman was in his element. Father Vincent Chiappa spent the first year with him, a year

highlighted by a mission to the inmates of the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem, Oregon. The prisoners were a difficult audience to hold. Nonetheless, the right assortment of persuasive sermons kept them eagerly attentive. The two missioners left highly pleased with their fruitful labors.

In the Fall of 1909, soon after the Rocky Mountain Mission became the California Province, Father O'Reilly left the West Coast once more, this time for St. Andrew-on-Hudson and tertianship under Father Thomas Gannon, a man highly respected for his inspiring presentation of the Spiritual Exercises and quite meticulous about Mass rubrics. Years later, when Father Patrick corrected other priests on their Mass rubrics, he quoted as his authority Father Gannon. When back from St. Andrew-on-Hudson and a trip to Kilkee to visit his aging mother and his sisters, Father O'Reilly pronounced his final vows at St. Ignatius Church, Portland, Oregon, on February 2, 1911.

With Father Meagher

Father's return to the California Province had also been a return to the Mission Band. This time, Father Thomas A. Meagher, who had been a year ahead of Father Patrick in the novitiate, was his companion and superior. For fourteen years they would travel together. To trace them through these years takes careful reconstruction. They were in Seattle, Spokane, and Yakima, Washington; in Anaconda, Missoula, and Great Falls, Montana; in Portland and Pendleton, Oregon; in Salt Lake City and in Los Angeles, in Phoenix and San Francisco.

In Anaconda, Gerald Shaughnessy consulted them about his vocation to the priesthood. They suggested to him that he become a Marist Father. Eventually he became Bishop of Seattle. At Salt Lake City they took up no collection, an unusual occurrence. At St. Ignatius Church in San Francisco, they preached what Father O'Reilly considered their most successful mission.

A holy fame was theirs. Cathedrals, parish churches, country churches—all rang with their eloquence. Men, women, children finished the missions with an increase of fervor. There was repentance for the sinner, new life for the fallen away, enthusiasm for the indifferent. Unmasked were the evils

of divorce and of infidelity, of drunkenness and of extravagance, of socialism and of communism. Confessions were heard, vocations directed, converts baptized. Everything that a missioner can do to renovate the vigorous practice of the Faith, these two did. The field was white, the harvest abundant.

But large as was the territory of the California Province of those days—eight states covering 863,140 square miles in all—it still was narrower than the horizon of Father Patrick O'Reilly's all-inclusive zeal. Hawaii beckoned. But when he suggested a missionary trip there, in the summer of 1918, Father Meagher could only reply that it was "bordering on the fantastic, too far away, and out of the province. Moreover," continued Fr. Meagher, "I wouldn't care to go there." However, he let Father Patrick seek the necessary permission, which was accorded. The Most Reverend Libert H. Boeynaems, Vicar Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands, and the Very Reverend Richard Gleeson, the California Provincial, both approved. So did the new California Provincial, the Very Reverend Francis C. Dillon. What could Father Meagher do but acquiesce and board the *Paradise of the Pacific* with Father O'Reilly for Honolulu?

The missions and retreats in the Hawaiian Islands were no less successful than those in the States. At first, however, Father Meagher had good reasons to be skeptical. No one from the Cathedral came to meet their ship. Instead, Father Patrick mistook for a representative from the Bishop, and hurried to greet, a sectarian minister in clerical attire who was eagerly waving in their direction, but to his wife who happened to be standing behind the two priests. Then came Father Meagher's extreme case of mosquito bites, humorous to everyone but to the mortified victim. But the optimistic Father O'Reilly could never lose heart. And after completing the mission tour, he could say his triumphant "I told you so." The response of the people was overwhelmingly gratifying, as the increased frequenting of the Sacraments clearly indicated. Perhaps most illustrative of this was their mission at the Cathedral. For since the building was too small to contain everyone, many listened through open windows and doors rather than miss a sermon.

At Wailuku, on the island of Maui, the momentous news of the Armistice via wild cheering broke their midnight slumber. All night the cheering continued. Also at Wailuku was Yoshimo Takayana, a Japanese girl in her late teens who suffered from a lingering tropical disease in the Malulani Hospital. Father Patrick interested her in Catholicism but had to leave her unbaptized. Three years later she wrote that against her family's wish, she had determined to become a Catholic so that she could go to heaven. Her leg was badly swollen from her disease, but her father stubbornly refused to let the doctor amputate it. An exploratory operation had only worsened matters. With death imminent and by maintaining that only as a Catholic could she die happily and go to heaven, she successfully persuaded her family to allow her to become a Catholic.

From Maui they went to Hilo, the capital of the Island of Hawaii. St. Joseph's Church there with its devotional interior and "well-appointed conveniences" pleased Father O'Reilly's architectural eye, sharp from his two years with his Uncle Martin. The volcano of Kelauea provided interesting scenery and a recreational trip for the two missioners. Professor Jagger of the Territorial Observatory and Seismograph Station voiced his admiration for several prominent Jesuit scientists of the day. Father Patrick was deeply interested in all this too, but he would not trade his own way of life for it.

Molokai

At Honolulu an invitation to give missions at the two leper settlements of Molokai awaited them. This time, however, Father Meagher, who had an appointment in San Francisco, let the eager Father O'Reilly go by himself. Thus the distinction of being the first Jesuit ever to set foot on these leper colonies fell to Fr. O'Reilly. On Thanksgiving day, while a distant typhoon raised great swells on the sea, he made his landing by small boat on the cliff-sequestered peninsula, ten miles square, that is the lepers' part of the island. The environment in which Father Damien had worked intrigued him. Father Maxime, the Sisters and Brothers of St. Francis (to whom he gave retreats), and the leper altar boys, with whom he had his picture taken, all favorably impressed him. But the win-

ning of souls was his business there. One soul he won at Molokai was Daisy's.

Daisy was a Hawaiian maiden, unattractive, in the last stages of her disfiguring leprosy, and a Calvinist. Would she like to die a happy death? Yes, she would. Then she must become a Catholic. Well, that required thought. She would let Father know the next morning. And, when Father O'Reilly returned the next day, he found a willing Daisy. "Do you believe in everything the Holy Catholic Church teaches," he asked with all due solemnity, "in free will and in the Sacraments?"

"Yes, in everything," she replied, her voice hollow-sounding from the effects of her disease.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Satisfied, Father Patrick briefly instructed, then baptized her. Some time later, she, too, died happily, and was the influencing spirit behind many of her Calvinist friends' requests for admittance into the Catholic Church. Father O'Reilly held that she was a saint.

Soon the *S.S. Mikahala* anchored nearby and Father Patrick boarded her for Honolulu. En route to Honolulu, the ship picked up seven survivors of the *Benito Juarez,* a vessel which had sunk in the typhoon. Father O'Reilly asked the captain what his thoughts were as his vessel went down. "My only thought was in getting into that lifeboat," came the disappointing reply. A thorough explanation of immortality and eternity, however, convinced the saved skipper that perhaps he was not so safe after all.

In Honolulu, the unusual request to perform an exorcism awaited Father O'Reilly. As he wished to say Mass that morning, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, there was no time to pray and to do the necessary penance. After some hesitation, however, he decided that the rough voyage from Molokai during the abating typhoon and the dangerous mission at Molokai itself were penance and prayer enough. He then braved the anger of the evil spirit which possessed a Korean layman. Imploring the Archangel St. Michael "to lay hold on the dragon, the old serpent, which is the devil and Satan," commanding "Begone, Satan," and frequently asking the Korean if the evil spirit had departed, Father at last suc-

ceeded. "He's gone," muttered the Korean. "Deo gratias," sighed Father O'Reilly, at the same time deciding that one exorcism a life is enough. And with this ended his adventures in Hawaii until 1920, when he and Father Meagher again visited the Islands.

Missionary Team Dissolved

Time was persistently marching on, effecting its changes in Father O'Reilly, who celebrated his fiftieth birthday in 1922. His once jaunty shock of hair was now thin and graying. The previous youthful sharpness of his facial features was rounding somewhat. He still had plenty of life left, thirty-six healthful, fruitful years of it. Nor had his drive or his childlike curiosity diminished one whit. As he saw things, he and Father Meagher had in store many a year of missionary activity together. But in 1924, their fourteen years as a missionary team and the most important part of Father O'Reilly's militant life abruptly concluded. Father Meagher was appointed Master of Novices at Los Gatos and he himself was sent to Gonzaga College.

Nonetheless, Father O'Reilly would still travel much. After two years at Gonzaga, he became pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, Fairbanks, Alaska. Because of the poor conditions of the stovepipe there, the priest's residence almost burned up one cold March morning in 1927. Indignantly, Father installed a brick chimney to replace the old firetrap. Also, he installed stained glass windows in the Church, built a concrete block porch for the rectory, laid a cement walk, and planted some shrubs, typically improving whatever he could.

After two years at Fairbanks, he was recalled from Alaska with directions to visit various missions during his trip Statesward. He traveled down the Yukon, stopping in at the various missions on his way. He found that "The Catholic Church is the only church in town doing any business" was true not only of Fairbanks but of most of Alaska, though the majority of the Alaskans professed or practiced no religion at all. The tireless labors of the Alaskan missionaries deeply edified him; the possibilities of a more efficient mission field which the airplane introduced encouraged him. The devotion of the Eskimos and the devotedness of the Brothers he heartily acknowl-

edged. "The lure of the Northland" had seized him. He was ready to return "when the word is spoken."

With one interruption, he was again on the Oregon Province Mission Band from 1928 to 1935. Now, however, other apostolic activities besides preaching occupied his time. From the pulpit he often won subscriptions and friends for the *Jesuit Missions.* He wrote a book, *The Light Divine,* in which he hoped to preserve the ideas which he had so often expounded in his sermons. Nor was he bashful about peddling his book. He had written it to be read. The more or less forced success of this book induced him to write a second one, *An Ignatian Retreat for Priests,* which he published in 1939. He was willing to try anything to spread the Word of God.

During this period happenings of great import to the Jesuits of the far West were in the making. On Christmas, 1930, the letter which announced the temporary and trial division of the California Province was read at the Los Gatos novitiate. This division fixed the boundaries of the present California and Oregon Provinces, the latter of which was to be called, for the time at least, the Rocky Mountain Region (in memory of the Rocky Mountain Mission). Thirteen months later, on February 2, 1932, the division was made permanent. Father Walter Fitzgerald, who had been the vice-provincial of the Rocky Mountain Region, became the first provincial of the new Oregon Province. Of personal interest to Father O'Reilly was the transfer of Father Meagher from the novice master's office at Los Gatos to that at the new novitiate near Sheridan, Oregon, fifty miles southwest of Portland. As events show, this transfer proved fortunate for Sheridan, temporally as well as spiritually, for it fruitfully turned Father O'Reilly's beneficent interest to Sheridan.

New England

Meanwhile, the status of 1931 put Father O'Reilly on the New England Province Mission Band with Fathers John McGrory, John F. Duston, Daniel P. Mahoney, and Edward M. Sullivan. Again there were confessions, conversions, and a renewal of the vigorous practice of the Faith. From New England, Father O'Reilly went to Dublin to the Eucharistic Congress of 1932 and to visit Kilkee where he directed two

of his nieces into the Society of the Sacred Heart. These were but two of the many young men and women he directed into the religious life.

Before leaving the West Coast, however, he had conducted a layman's retreat near Seattle. A young man who made this retreat decided to become a Jesuit Brother. But before entering the novitiate, he entrusted his savings to Father O'Reilly who bought in Chicago an elegant tabernacle for the new Sheridan novitiate, so rich in its extremely humble environment in the temporary novitiate building, that it aroused some criticism among the utilitarian-minded. But Father O'Reilly to whom the Lord was not pioneering, replied to his critics, "Provide a house for the Lord and he will provide one for us." His prophetic words came true, ironically enough through his efforts and through the generosity of the D'Arcy family of Salem, Oregon. The D'Arcys—Judge Peter, John, and their sister, Teresa—wished to have a chapel erected in honor of their beloved mother, Barbara, who had recently died. They wished this chapel dedicated to St. Barbara, their mother's patron saint. Father O'Reilly heard of this, and though other interested parties could not comply with the D'Arcy wish, he could. Thus, when the permanent novitiate structure was finished, it had a beautiful chapel and the tabernacle its proper setting.

Some furnishings, however, were still lacking in the chapel. To right this, Father bought a stately set of six candlesticks for the altar of St. Barbara while he was attending the Eucharistic Congress of 1932. From his Alaskan friends, he later begged gold, walrus ivory, and precious jewels with which he had made a beautiful monstrance. Also, before he had finished, he had secured a set of Carrara marble stations of the Cross and other furnishings.

In 1935, Father O'Reilly became assistant pastor of St. Francis Xavier Church, Missoula, Montana, where he visited the county jail weekly. Then came a year at St. Leo's parish, Tacoma, Washington and at the Tertianship, Port Townsend. A year later, he was the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Spokane, Washington. In two years he rid the parish of most of its debt and established a sound financial program. His parishoners, soon recognizing that their pastor was no imprac-

tical and unprofitable dreamer, appreciated thoroughly the new life in their parochial bloodstream. Consequently, when in 1939 they heard of his coming departure, they petitioned the Provincial to leave him at St. Patrick's. But because Father Provincial saw the needs of the whole Province, Father O'Reilly spent the next scholastic year at Seattle Preparatory School as the community's spiritual father.

In 1940, Father became the pastor of Sts. Rose and John Church, Wrangel, Alaska. He still found time, however, to give missions and retreats in the Puget Sound area. By another change in status, he became in 1942 the pastor of St. Gregory's Church, Sitka, Alaska, a place he dearly loved for its natural beauty and generous hearted people. War, of course, was raging then. And though he would celebrate fifty golden years in the Society in 1943, Father O'Reilly also had his victory garden of potatoes, raspberries, and peas—his bit toward winning the war.

One day, Sitka gained a Seabee base and Father O'Reilly of his own accord undertook its chaplaincy. Later the war department officially appointed him to that office, and after the war conferred on him two special citations for his outstanding service. He loved his boys and they loved him. When they discovered his lack of a decent residence, they used their Seabee ability of "can do, can get:" soon there was a cozy little residence for the Padre. Puzzled by their generosity, but nonetheless pleased, he accepted their gift in his gracious, Irish way. When the Seabees finally departed, one of them later wrote, "There was a tear in his eye, and many tears in ours, as we waved good-by to a very dear and truly remarkable man, *the most unforgettable character I have ever met.*"

England

In 1947, Father O'Reilly went to Mount St. Mary's Provincial House, Bellingham, Washington, as chaplain and teacher of church history. Three years later he was again abroad, this time in England giving missions and retreats. It was probably during this year abroad that he visited the cathedral of Durham in which, one legend affirms, lie the bones of St. Cuthbert which, a second adds, were replaced secretly with another's bones by three daring Benedictines. These three monks have

supposedly kept the secret alive by confiding it to a new and trusted young Benedictine before each one's death. Now, this Cathedral, one of the many pre-Reformation ecclesiastical buildings assumed by the Protestants, boasts a handsome pulpit, much too strong a temptation for a man as addicted to practice as was Father O'Reilly. Consequently, while his companions viewed the Durham sights from the steeple, Father O'Reilly was eloquently denouncing everything Protestant from the elegant, Protestant pulpit. Then in walked the verger.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"I'm looking for the bones of St. Cuthbert."

"Come down. Don't you know they're in the tomb over there?"

"Those are not the bones of St. Cuthbert at all!"

"Well, whose are they then?"

"They're the bones of some old corpse that they dug out of the graveyard." Father O'Reilly triumphantly rejoined.

"Where are the bones of St. Cuthbert?"

"Nobody knows except three Benedictines, and the secret will not be revealed until England becomes Catholic again," replied the preacher, his voice characteristically growing shriller as his excitement grew. This reply, however, was too much for the verger.

"Well, come down anyway," he commanded, and down came Father O'Reilly.

After fourteen months in England, Father returned to the Oregon Province where he gave many closed retreats to different religious communities. In 1953 he was appointed chaplain at St. Helen's Hospital, Chehalis, Washington where the nuns nicknamed him "Pater noster, qui est in Chehalis." In the Spring of 1956 he nearly died, but with his usual tenacity recovered. It was time for him to retire, however, and Sheridan fittingly became his last home on earth.

Jubilee of Ordination

He started his retirement at Sheridan by celebrating his golden sacerdotal jubilee on May 31, 1956. He had already celebrated his share of jubilees. There were his two silver

jubilees, as a Jesuit in 1918 and as a priest in 1931; and his golden and diamond jubilees as a Jesuit in 1943 and in 1953. On his diamond jubilee as a Jesuit, his biggest thrill had been —in addition to being able to celebrate Mass—the congratulatory letter with its spiritual bouquet of sixty Masses from Father General. Now he celebrated fifty golden priestly years. Finishing his annual retreat on the morning of May 31, he celebrated in succession and with all the solemnity he could muster Solemn High Mass and Solemn Benediction. Father Harold O. Small, S.J., eloquently eulogized the jubilarian, likening him to the sun setting after a glorious and fruitful day. The gala celebration, ending with an evening banquet, and graced by the presence of many distinguished guests, seemed to tire everyone but the eighty-four-year-old Jubilarian. His stamina was amazing.

Father O'Reilly was now officially retired to Sheridan. But like all truly active men, he was unable to cease activity as long as he retained his physical and mental capacities. So, to remain fruitfully active, he busied himself writing his memoirs, a source of much valuable information about the early days of the Oregon Province, Father Thomas Meagher, and himself.

During his stay at Sheridan, a year and a half, Father O'Reilly was its patriarch. White-haired and not quite bald, substantial in stature and not at all feeble, his one ailment was diabetes. Stairs provided some trouble for him but the elevator solved that problem. Given to reading, he asked to read each new book the House acquired. Canon Sheehan, however, was the only novelist he ever read. Fortunately for his love of reading, he still had good eyesight. In the Fathers' recreation room, which was never dull when he was around, he gave and took many a joke. Nor did his many years away from the cloister lessen his love for it. He was quite content at Sheridan, even though the perpetual waiting for community exercises is often trying for a man who is used to starting things when he is ready for them.

Father O'Reilly, now venerable with age, was occasionally granted an opportunity to show off his oratorical abilities. One such opportunity came on the occasion of Father Francis Menager's golden jubilee as a Jesuit, July 2, 1957. Father

O'Reilly spoke at the Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving. His panegyric was memorable for two reasons. The first was his likening of the vows of religion to three locks and their perpetual nature to the throwing away of the key, all of which applied to Father Menager. The second reason stemmed from Father Rector's playfully limiting him to fifteen minutes for practical reasons. After expounding on the vows of religion for some time, Father O'Reilly laboriously checked his pocket watch, then spontaneously exclaimed, "Eleven down and four to go!"

With the Novices

Occasionally he gave a talk to the novices. Molokai was usually the subject. But somehow he generally strayed from it, telling the novices what a wonderful man their master of novices was, how novitiate life was less demanding, how he had met St. Frances Xavier Cabrini in Spokane when she was there, and how as Jesuits they must become perfect speakers. At length the beadle had to call time, and Father would apologize, promising to finish the story later.

A true Irishman, Father O'Reilly loved St. Patrick's days. At Sheridan, it always fell to him to add an Irish flavor to the celebrations. On his last St. Patrick's day on earth, March 17, 1958, the Juniors presented a skit which depicted Father O'Reilly and Father Meagher "drumming up business" for their mission. He watched this in his searching, puzzled way, and though the skit had a teasing element about it, he nevertheless enjoyed it, and was even ready to speak when Father Rector unexpectedly invited him to do so. He then proceeded to amaze everyone by delivering a vigorous and powerful talk. In five minutes he twice advantageously changed the subject, then dramatically ended his dynamic presentation, predicting with a final, flourishing ictus that "Some present in this room will actually suffer martyrdom!"

Father O'Reilly's eighty-sixth year was complete as the Spring of 1958 turned green the pastures and wheat fields around Sheridan. On April 17 he was taken to the hospital in Portland after he had suffered a heart attack. But in three weeks or so, he was back at Sheridan as well as ever. He told Father John Taylor, who drove him home on this, his last

return from the hospital, "It's good for a man to have a serious illness toward the end to have a chance to prepare to die. You know, this heart disease has made me more prepared to die."

The end came on May 26, Pentecost Monday. The day before, he had attended at Sheridan the reception in honor of the recently ordained Rev. Richard Papen, C.S.C. That night he was tired, but enjoyed recreation and expressed his concern over the health of Cardinal Stritch. About 5:20 the morning of the twenty-sixth, clad in his cassock, Father O'Reilly opened his door for the Brother Infirmarian who had come on his usual official visit. Father complained of a severe pain in his chest. Was this to be the end? Brother did not think so, but called Father Rector who thought it best to phone the doctor and to administer Extreme Unction. Father O'Reilly, in bed and still in his cassock, answered the versicles. Fr. Rector then began leading in the prayers for the dying the priests and scholastics who had been summoned. As the prayers progressed, Father O'Reilly, who had remained very calm and peaceful, grew extremely quiet, then gasped, so slightly that Father Rector did not hear him. Two or three minutes later the doctor arrived and pronounced him dead. It was about six o'clock in the morning.

Eloquent praise has often been given to Father O'Reilly by his innumerable friends. He was a very simple, unreservedly devoted, sincerely zealous man, uncompromisingly thirsty for perfection, but at times the victim of the excess of these virtues. One bit of praise came his way from Archbishop Michael J. Curley of Baltimore. Father O'Reilly had given a retreat to the priests of the Baltimore Archdiocese and the Archbishop noticed unusually good results in his priests, for he said, "We send men West to preach. Have we anyone in the East better than Father O'Reilly from the West?"

Letters from the Caroline Islands

The Mission of the Caroline-Marshall Islands stretches 3,000 miles across the Pacific and all who dwell in these islands have one constant companion, the sea. Usually a kind benefactor offering the islanders food, an easy means of travel and scenes of breath-taking beauty, the sea always remains a capricious friend that can transform itself with startling swiftness into a dreaded enemy. In the letters below we have the accounts of two disasters wrought by the sea within a few days, the drowning of Father Quirino Fernandez off Ponape on November 28 and the devastation of Ulithi by a typhoon two days later. There has been no word from the mission that there was any connection between these events, but it is possible that the rough sea which caused Father Fernandez' death was the beginning of the typhoon which later struck Ulithi.

The Island of Ponape in the Eastern Carolines is a large mountainous island about thirty miles in diameter where rich soil and abundant rain have combined to produce a lush garden spot. Father Fernandez, assigned to the southwest section of Ponape, had his main parish in the village of Kitii. Senwar, the other village mentioned in Father McGowan's letter, was a mission station of Father Fernandez, a few miles from Kitii. Because of the dense growth and the scarcity of roads in the interior of the island, the trip from Kitii to Senwar is usually made around the island by boat, and it was on a routine trip between these two villages that Father Fernandez met his death. The following letter from Father George McGowan, superior of the Ponape district, gives the details of the drowning and also some indication of the blessings which God is already showering on the Church in Ponape as a reward for the life and death of this fine missionary.

About 1150 miles west of Ponape lies Ulithi Atoll. An atoll is a coral reef surrounding a lagoon with one or more low, sandy islets resting on the reef. Ulithi, one of the largest atolls in the Pacific, has a number of islets ringing its lagoon. Because these atoll islands are so low and flat, they are particularly vulnerable to typhoons. The following letter of Father William Walter gives a vivid portrayal of the havoc caused by such a storm. Mogmog, where Father Walter weathered the storm, is the northernmost island of the Ulithi Atoll, and Fassarai, the other island mentioned, is south of Mogmog on the eastern side of the same atoll.

DANIEL T. HUGHES, S.J.

Letter of Father George McGowan from Ponape

We are quite certain now that Father Quirino Fernandez left Senwar shortly before noon on November 28, 1960. His helper, Julius, had gone with him from Kitii to Senwar on Sunday, November 27. Father's great heart was in the

building of the Senwar Church and all the foundation lumber had been milled and brought in. Julius is a fair carpenter and Father wanted him to remain at Senwar to begin planing the wood. He felt he could make the usual fifty minute run from Senwar to Kitii by himself. He had a high tide to go over the reef and be fairly close to the mangroves but tide means little when the waves are high and violent. He was cutting across a stretch between the island of Ros and the mangroves. It is one of the worst places in Ponape, when the wind is south to southwest.

We believe he was riding the waves at full speed in a practically new boat (thirteen footer) with a fairly new, eighteen h.p. motor. We believe a big trough opened up in back of him and the boat smashed down on a coral head, cracked open the rear bottom of the boat under where he was sitting and threw him into the sea. We recovered the boat—the part spoken of is the only place damaged—but it was broken like a matchstick. The shock of the crack must have unnerved him and he plunged into the water, which is very deep. The boat went on the reef and filled with water.

The boat was found by two natives who had hailed Father on his way to Kitii and returned from fishing several hours later to find the submerged boat. Searching parties started going out at dusk. For two nights and two days over 500 people took part in the search. Some of the men dove for hours, until they were bleeding in their ears.

Word of the accident came here in Kolonia at 10:30 P.M., November 28, and Father Costigan went out with two boats from the Trust Territory.

On November 30, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Father Costigan held funeral services at sea and all began to go back to their homes. Callio, the Nanmarki (little king) of the district of Sokaes, who was in a small boat with Father Costigan, asked him to make one more run through the pass. As they came back slowly, Callio spotted the body floating in deep water not far from the mangroves and close to where the boat was found. His men dove under the body, wrapped the head in cloth and the body in sheets. Our larger boat was nearby and it came alongside and the men lifted the body,

head downward, into the boat. Many of the Protestants as well as the Catholics considered this finding of the body, after Father conducted the service, rather miraculous.

The people had, under Father Costigan's direction, built a coffin and it was being lined by the good Sisters when the body was brought in. The people begged that the burial be at Kitii, and Father Costigan acceded to their request. The burial was held about 10:30 P.M.

The people worked night and day to build a suitable tumulus of stones, to enclose the resting place and make a beautiful coral path leading into it. We feel Father's interment in Kitii will be a constant sermon and inspiration to all the parishioners.

We feel intensely the loss of Father Quirino. He was a man who spent himself. He feared the sea, but never hesitated to travel back and forth between his two stations and on sick calls. Perhaps no one was his equal in the Ponapean language, his knowledge of the customs of the people, and his deep understanding of their mentality. For twenty-six years he gave himself unsparingly to the Apostolate. We are really numbed by his loss. Throngs turned out for the island farewell celebrations held in three different places in his honor.

But we've also learned what tremendous devotion these good people are capable of. It is simply amazing.

Letter of Father William Walter from Ulithi

I came here to Ulithi, November 28, 1960, and by 9:00 A.M. on November 30 we were hit by the worst typhoon of my experience. The old men say there's been nothing like it since the typhoon of 1907. The whole village on Mogmog Island is destroyed. As the houses began going, the people crowded into the Church until the whole population was assembled. Every hour on the hour we prayed the Rosary, but there was someone praying aloud all the time.

The waves came to the very door of the Church and the water was ankle-deep inside. Two heavy canoes were picked up by the terrific winds and crashed down on the roofs of houses. Flying timbers and tree trunks smacked through the

roof of the Church in three places. Thank God we built in concrete. The people say many lives were saved because of the church. There was no panic, not even among the women and children. No one was killed but there were minor injuries. My storage building was completely destroyed and because of the continuing strong winds and heavy rains little will be salvaged. But we escaped with our lives and are very thankful.

The seas are too rough for a visit to Fassarai and the other islands so I can only hope they were as lucky as Mogmog. The trading ship may have run into trouble. Its radio was not working and it didn't have much time to get away. Will write more about this later.

The people will be on short rations for many months. Their usual diet of coconuts, taro, bread fruit and fish is now reduced to nothing but fish. Typoon relief is certainly in order.

Pray for us!

Books of Interest to Ours

THEOLOGICAL MARIOLOGY

Mother of the Redeemer. *Edited by Kevin McNamara.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1960. Pp. xiii-258. $4.00.

A summer school in Mariology was held at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth in the summer of 1958 in honor of the centenary of the Lourdes apparitions. Twelve of the lectures given on that occasion are reprinted here with the addition of the necessary scholarly apparatus. The result is a survey by competent scholars from many countries of the more important trends in the modern development of the theology concerning our Lady. "The emphasis throughout," as the editor notes, "was on presenting a solid theological basis for the unique role accorded to our blessed Lady in Catholic belief," though the lecturers also took account of the pastoral preoccupations of many of their audience. The first four papers discuss some aspects of the biblical and patristic sources which lie in the background of all Mariology; the remaining eight essays are devoted to the present state of our theology in reference to the various special privileges granted to Mary.

The place of Mary in the Old Testament is the subject of the first two

papers, both by P. G. Duncker, O.P., of the Angelicum in Rome. The author accepts the three "classical" Old Testament texts as both messianic and mariological; his interpretation being guided by the principle that the "Catholic exegete must surely be guided by the other source of divine Revelation, viz. sacred Tradition, and by the authentic declarations of the *Magisterium Ecclesiae;* consequently the common teaching of the Church on Gen iii:15 obliges him to take account of its messianic and mariological sense." Following the lead given by Coppens and Rigaux, Father Duncker maintains that it is the merit of this interpretation "to have endeavored to show that a strictly scientific, viz. philological and literary-critical study of the text and its context will lead to a messianic and mariological interpretation of Gen. iii:15, inasmuch as the sacred author himself intended both the Messias and his Mother, though as yet in a vague way, surely not realizing that he was pointing to our Lord and our Lady, a fact which only later revelation made known." The other texts examined are Isaias vii:14 and Micheas v: 1-3, each of which is shown to be susceptible of both a messianic and mariological sense. The approach in each instance is valid to the extent that one can accept the validity of the *sensus plenior* as a true biblical sense. This of course is Father Duncker's own conviction.

Conleath Kearns, O.P., discusses our Lady in the New Testament, prefacing his study by helpful review of the purpose, methods and general results of recent Catholic New Testament exegesis; these methods are then applied to the Annunciation narrative in St. Luke's Gospel. An all too brief summary of the patristic evidence concerning Mary, also by Father Duncker, concludes these introductory studies of basic sources.

Succeeding papers on Mary's special prerogatives include a study of the Divine Maternity, by Dr. John J. McGreevy, one by Msgr. H. F. Davis on the Immaculate Conception, while Dermot Ryan, under the heading Perpetual Virginity concentrates on the nature of "virginitas in partu," pleading for a more generous consideration of the interpretation suggested by the writings of Mitterer. The role of our Lady in the Redemption and in the distribution of the graces which are its fruit is discussed in two excellent studies by Father Michael O'Grady, S.J. Msgr. Davis is the author of another article, this one on the Assumption, while the editor contributes a synthesis of papal teaching on Mary as Queen of the Universe. The final contribution by Noel O'Donoghue surveys the recent discussions of our Lady and the Church.

This is a valuable collection offering in very readable form sound guidance on the many questions in Mariology which are the current concern of Catholic theologians.

JOHN F. SWEENEY, S.J.

THEOLOGY AND LITERATURE

Christ and Apollo: The Dimensions of the Literary Imagination. *By William F. Lynch, S.J.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1960. Pp. xxvii-267. $5.00.

Since literary criticism cannot be self-sufficient, all critics must rely to some extent on non-literary premises; sooner or later, each must show

his hand. Father Lynch shows his early; it is a strong one with many a theological ace. Several of the essays in this book, on tragedy, comedy, the theological imagination, have already appeared in *Thought* in a somewhat different form. Many new ones are added, on time, the univocal and equivocal, the analogical, the Christian imagination. Together they add up to a theory of literature, theological on the whole in its emphases and insights. Theologians, presumably, will find this theory provocative and rewarding; they should be helped by its many practical examples of applied criticism to sense the enormous impact of hard-to-detect theological forces operating on the imaginative writers of our times. Literary critics with theological equipment at least rudimentary, sufficient to follow Father Lynch's complex ideas, should find this an illuminating book. The main drive of its argument is stated in the Introduction, "Because I think that in our time we need a new movement toward the definite and away from the dream, I take even the symbol of Apollo as a kind of infinite dream over against Christ who was full of definiteness and actuality" (xiv). The general reader may be confused at times by theological distinctions in the argument, complexities in the new critical terminologies, interpretations of texts of the widest range possible which are for the most part only briefly situated and examined. Some may find the style now overly dense, now overly diagrammatic and abstract. It is not a metaphorical style. The book on its own ground is a richly humanistic, pioneering contribution toward a deeper appreciation of the artistic resources of "the Christic imagination." Artists should be reassured by the capable understanding here shown of their works.

The tone throughout is irenic. Without wishing that it had been aggressive or polemical, this reviewer must confess that the many notes of deference to others tend to make him uncomfortable; the author's own points tend to blur. All literary discourse is provisional, so much give and take. But sometimes one must go out on one's own limb courageously, or cut boldly down the limb on which someone else has been wrongfully perching. As a priest-critic engaged in the "dialogue," the author has undoubtedly chosen a wiser course. He is at his best when he is identifying and criticizing the theological presuppositions which modern aestheticians are forever smuggling more or less dogmatically into their criticism of art; for example, the posture of Promethean defiance which is seen as the central clue to our understanding of tragedy, or the strange new metaphysics of time which undertakes to cancel out the bleak temporal order for the sake of a radiant secularized eternity seen as possible without either the survival of God or the immortality out of time of any human soul. He is less successful, perhaps, in the use he makes of the artists' works. In spite of an early disclaimer, he seems mainly interested, in practice, in the uses to which he can put poetry in order to illustrate his theological theses. Only its ideas seem much to matter. Almost nothing is said about the poet's efforts to renew the word, by metaphor, for example, or by some new subtle rhythm, or by a dramatic maneuver of syntax so as to reenact

a new insight of the mind. Illustrations out of plays, novels, and disparate poetic traditions and languages tend to crowd one another into the argument. In spite of, or, rather, because of this embarrassment of riches, one suspects as one reads, or reflects afterwards, that there are important poets, like Blake and Keats, Whitman and Yeats, whom Father Lynch cannot make much sense of, and whom he would seem committed to dislike. But have we not gone awry somewhere in the application of our "Christic imagination" if we feel obliged to exclude such poets from our canon? Why, indeed, must we not smile at Puck in our enjoyment of comedy? Must we renounce absolutely our happiness in the "infinite dream?" Is not man in his "definiteness and actuality" a creature of dreams? Have not most notable Catholic maneuvers in theology, those even of the frosty Saint Jerome, tried to hold on to secular literature along with Christian faith, to keep together Apollo and Christ? T. S. Eliot's poetry, at least as I read it, has not the Manichean gnosticism which Father Lynch seems to find.

Cardinal Newman long ago observed that in literarary studies "it is a contradiction in terms" to leave the study of man as he is to study him as he "might be, under certain special advantages." I am not sure that Father Lynch has everywhere avoided this contradiction. No matter! He has written a valuable book, one which is generously illuminating of many dark places in the groves of Academe. The book has no index. This is a somewhat surprising and inconvenient omission in the case of a work otherwise so impressively erudite.

WILLIAM T. NOON, S.J.

A REMARKABLE JESUIT

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin: His Life and Spirit. *By Nicolas Corte.* Translated by Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C.R. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1960. Pp. xx-120. $3.25.

In slightly more than a hundred pages Nicolas Corte attempts to trace the development of the thought of Teilhard de Chardin, analyze the content of his major work, and offer a sampling of the criticism this work has evoked. Brevity alone indicates that what is intended here is neither a comprehensive critique nor a definitive biography. Instead the result is a "glimpse, a swift and summary account" of Teilhard's unique synthesis, highly readable, often inspired. Corte's great asset as a biographer is his heavy reliance on the very words of his subject. Frequent and lengthy citations from letters and essays, as well as more substantial works, succeed in giving the book something of Teilhard's own spirit. A fascinating picture of this remarkable priest emerges, at once scientist, poet, and mystic.

A brief chronological outline highlights those events that had some impact on Teilhard's thought. As a small boy he was fascinated by things, collected odd stones and bits of iron. Later as a Jesuit Junior this passion for the cosmos, as he described it, seemed to conflict sharply with his passion for Christ. With the help of a sympathetic spiritual director Teilhard resolved this conflict and began his life's work of

reconciling, even to the point of identifying, his two passions. As his thought matured and developed in more philosophical terms, he was influenced to some degree at least by contact with Henri Bergson and Edouard Le Roy. His earlier scientific achievements were followed by a series of expeditions to China which eventually culminated in the discovery of *homo Sinanthropus* in 1929. Enjoying international renown as a scholar, he never ceased his attempts to evolve his own synthesis of faith and science. Most representative of this synthesis is his major work, *The Phenomenon of Man.* Corte attempts an analytic outline of the book, cites the reactions of both favorable and unfavorable critics, and indicates his own reservations.

While all the critics cited, along with Corte, pay tribute to the deep integrity of Teilhard's personal life, all also question, with varying emphasis, the vaidity of his theoretical synthesis. Roger Tresmontant, one of the most sympathetic, points to an earlier theological formation that was not sufficiently rooted in biblical and patristic thought and against which Teilhard reacted. Others regret the ambiguity of his peculiar terminology which suggests a panpsychic view of the universe. The unfolding of history is explained apparently by the inner laws of cosmic evolution which cannot account satisfactorily for the fact of evil in the world and seem to leave little room for the contingency of sin and the gratuity of God's redemptive love.

Helpful as an introduction to Teilhard's thought, this brief study leaves the reader with a far more vivid impression of its subject's unique spirituality. It is a constantly apostolic spirit, aware of the wide range of diversity in mankind and the all but insuperable barriers to communication. Mingling with other scientists, traveling to distant corners of the world, seems to have sharpened Teilhard's sense of mission. It is a spirituality that is also predominantly Christocentric. His attempts to give the Mass a cosmic function and planetary dimension are described in *La Messe sur le monde,* while *Le milieu divin* explains the supreme and active part played by Christ in the evolution of the cosmos in terms that Teilhard hoped would be acceptable and helpful for popular devotion. A translation of the latter has recently appeared in English.

JOSEPH A. O'HARE, S.J.

A FIRST WORK OF GREAT PROMISE

The Analogy of Learning: An Essay toward a Thomistic Psychology of Learning. *By Tad Guzie, S.J.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1960. $5.00.

With good reason, we can applaud and recommend this first work from the pen of a promising student of St. Thomas and a Jesuit scholastic. With rare discrimination and considerable penetration Mr. Guzie has drawn on the best of recent Thomistic scholarship and on the significant contributions of modern psychological research to produce a work which will prove to be of great value to Catholic educators and philosophers.

The main contribution of this book is synthesis—in several respects.

The first chapter provides a clear presentation of the relations between science and philosophy. The position taken in this presentation takes its point of departure from the work of Maritain in *Degrees of Knowledge*. The doctrine has been developed by Father Klubertanz and Father Henle over the last several years. Mr. Guzie's chapter brings together many of the strands in this development and brings them to bear on the relations between philosophical psychology and scientific psychology. Many of the real difficulties in this question are left untouched, but the discussion is a clear presentation of the Thomistic position.

By far the greatest part of the book is given over to a well organized synthesis of Thomistic epistemology, particularly in regard to the learning process. Not only are very recent scholarly contributions used intelligently to refurbish the picture of St. Thomas's epistemological teaching, but a concerted effort is made to integrate on the level of evidence some of the more significant findings of experimental psychology in regard to the learning process in man. This is admittedly a tenuous and complicated affair, but it is well done. Experimental elements are introduced into the organic framework provided by the Thomistic synthesis. The result is a suggestive sketch of the possibilities of interaction between these areas.

The various aspects of learning which have been discussed are integrated into a general definition of learning as "the acquisition and organization of images." The specifically human mode of learning, which is intellectual, is further defined as "a judgmental-conceptual process of learning which ideally finds both its principle and its term in judgments of real assent." In the interaction of imaginative function and intellective function, the learning process comprises a continuum of analogous operations, which find a common element in the image and a differentiating element in the quality and degree of intellective penetration.

Despite the practical conclusions drawn at the conclusion of this study, it is hardly a practical manual of teaching. Rather it is a sophisticated philosophical study of human learning. Consequently, the teacher may not find many suggestions as to how to teach his particular subject. But he will find a framework within which he can understand what he is really doing when he is really teaching and his students are really learning.

W. W. MEISSNER, S.J.

PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHY

The Mirror of Philosophers. *By Martin Versfeld.* London and New York: Sheed and Ward, 1960. Pp. 301. $5.75.

Professor Versfeld sets about his work with an aim that especially for a philosopher is unusual, estimable, and difficult: to produce a book, as he puts it, "in which what he says squares with how he says it and the fact that he is saying it." He presents himself in reaction against the circumstance that heterogeneous theories are commonly proposed in homogeneous language: that realist and idealist, rationalist and sensationalist all set out their distinctive doctrines in an undistinctive

idiom. So, whereas in reviewing writings of philosophers generally the question of literary style is an uninviting and minor one, in the case of Professor Versfeld it becomes insistent and major.

The Mirror is a collection of twenty-two essays about philosophy or philosophers, composed for a variety of occasions and audiences, and here edited into a tenuous unity. Their subject matter ranges widely, and selective reading is impeded by the fact that most of the titles in the table of contents are indecipherable before one has read the book and partially so even after. The essays discuss such matters as rationalism, atheism, first-principles, analogy, evolution, human progress, and modern attire; and such people as St. Francis, St. Thomas, Marlowe, Hobbes, Kierkegaard, Comte, Chestov, and a certain Mgr. Kolbe. Although the character of the book postulates the futility of an attempt to summarize its ideas, something of their tone can be gathered from the observation that Professor Versfeld is British-educated, South African, Roman Catholic, and transparently imitative of G. K. Chesterton. He is a vigorous champion of theism, realism, reason, and hope against an assortment of agnostics, idealists, and existentialists. Also, he reflects the embattled minority position, as one genially standing his largely forsaken ground. While to the English or American Catholic reader this attitude may seem strangely anachronistic, it ought to be remembered in the book's favor that in South Africa the times have ripened rather differently.

The touchstone of what is worst no less than of what is best in Professor Versfeld's book lies in his protest that "I have too many interests to be a scholar, and I think that I have got some motley into my brain by reflecting the many-coloured variety of my world." The book reflects indeed a learning that is wide but not ordered, an intelligence that is strong but not assiduous, an imagination that is rich but not refined. The style avoids monotony, avoids jargon, avoids dullness, avoids density: it avoids all those common and expected sorts of badness, and yet for all that the style that emerges is not good, it is conspicuous, precious, and uneven. For the extensive and willing reader of philosophy the book is likely to afford interest at the cost of irritation. It abounds in surprises and among them might be included its price.

JAMES GAFFNEY, S.J.

NEW WAGE THEORY

The Frontier Wage. *By Bernard W. Dempsey, S.J.* Chicago: Loyola University Press, *Jesuit Studies*, 1960. Pp. 390. $6.00.

Father Dempsey's book, published posthumously, is in two parts. The second is a translation of "The Isolated State", in which the German economist Johannes Heinrich von Thünen (1783-1850) expounds and mathematically derives his wages theory. The first is Father Dempsey's study and interpretation of the man and his theory.

The book begins with an expository survey of current wages theories (Marx, Smith-Ricardo) and an indictment of their shortcomings. It continues with a paraphrasing of von Thünen's theory, a history of its

critical reception (Marshall, Knies, Moore, Schumpeter), and an attempted rehabilitation. Father Dempsey concludes the first half of the book with two chapters suggesting avenues for exploration, development, and possible application of von Thünen's work.

"The Isolated State" is an economic model of a self-sufficient urban unit in an agrarian environment. Perhaps the key concept arrived at, from purely economic analysis, is a "natural wage" $\sqrt{ap}$ where a is the annual maintenance cost of a worker's family and p the annual work product of the family: the wage is the geometric mean of the maintenance and replacement cost of the worker and his total output. For Father Dempsey, this is in parallel with three important moral aspects of wages emphasized by Pius XI in "Quadrigesimo Anno": (1) the support of the worker and his family; (2) the protection of the employer's business; (3) the exigencies of the common good. In both he sees emphasis on the necessity of social organization; a is identical; p is an excellent index of the state of the enterprise; and the radical $\sqrt{\ }$ expresses something common which in the aggregate would be a satisfactory summary of the economic common good.

Father Dempsey sees von Thünen as a way to present the operation of profit sharing to the academic world in an analytical formula acceptable to economic analysts. His work is also compatible with certain basic theorems in equilibrium developed by Josef Solterer at Georgetown in his heroic search for a model which will express mathematically the constellation of quantitative and qualitative variables present in a pluralistic economy and their resolution in terms of the common good.

The book is, by intention, a beginning, not an ending. More study has to be done on the validity of the assumptions of the theory, its logic, and its fields of valid application. Vast, difficult work, no doubt, but the kind of work that must be done if we are ever to be able to understand economic phenomena, much less evaluate them in terms of morality beyond the platitudinous. That work will be more difficult without Father Dempsey.

JON O'BRIEN, S.J.

PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE

Whitehead's Philosophy of Physics. *By Laurence Bright, O.P.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1958. Pp. 79. $.95.

William Herschel: Pioneer of Sidereal Astronomy. *By Michael Hoskin.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1959. Pp. 79. $.95.

Science and Metaphysics. *By John Russell, S.J.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1958. Pp. 80. $.95.

The Development of Physical Theory in the Middle Ages. *By James A. Weisheipl, O.P.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1959. Pp. 92. $.95.

The appearance of this small, but attractive and highly competent, series of paperbacks on the philosophy of science is most welcome. The philosophy of science is an area of modern thought which has assumed major proportions in the last few years. It has been unfortunate that Catholic thought, which in general has found new vigor and growth

in so many areas, has not been channeled to a greater extent toward the development of a realistic philosophy of science. The appearance of these essays is to be applauded not only as a substantial contribution, but as a harbinger of a richer yield to come.

These little books are very well put together. They are very readable and compact accounts of their respective topics. Bright's essay on Whitehead is by no means a definitive account, but it pulls together a coherent and relatively clear presentation of Whitehead's conception of the methodology of physics—as far as I know, not previously attempted. Hoskin's essay on Herschel is a delightful biographical account and a clear, simple presentation of the great eighteenth century astronomer's contributions. This makes Herschel a good deal more accessible to interested readers and even historians of science than he has been.

One might be misled by the title of Father Russell's essay. It should properly be subtitled "An Apology for Metaphysics." In one sense, this is a trifle disappointing, for, although the author makes the point very well that metaphysics and science are involved in quite distinct and independent endeavors, one is never quite sure what makes scientific knowledge radically different from metaphysical knowledge. Actually, this is precisely a most debatable and central issue for Catholic thinkers in this area, and it would have been nice to have Father Russell's opinion. The essay is rather good as a defense of metaphysics before the objections of the scientific mentality.

Perhaps the most ambitious and most valuable study is that presented by Father Weisheipl. The impression is not uncommon, even among historians of science, that modern science was born to the midwifery of Galileo. It seems more realistic to suspect a long development prior to the Galileo episode. Our knowledge on this point, however, has been and still is considerably hampered by the relative unavailability of editions of the works of scientific thinkers from the early middle ages. Father Weisheipl pulls together and organizes some of the relevant materials which indicate a developmental ferment in the medieval period. It is never quite clear, however, what "physical theory" is conceived to be. Much of the treatment is concerned with the evolution of Aristotelian physical theory. We are left to wonder whether the line between Aristotelianism and Galileonism is continuous or discontinuous. This ambiguity does not diminish the value of a fine historical survey.

A final word—we hope that Sheed and Ward will continue the fine work they have started with this series. Its quality and attractiveness could make its continuation most valuable. W. W. Meissner, S.J.

SIGNIFICANT FAVRIANA

Bienheureux Pierre Favre: Mémorial. *By Michel de Certeau, S.J.* Bruges: Desclée de Brouwer, 1960. Pp. 460. 190 FB.

Father de Certeau has put every Jesuit in his debt by this superlative volume, the fourth in "Collection Christus." Basing his work on what he has determined to be the authentic text after a careful study of sixteen early manuscripts, he has not only translated the original Span-

ish and Latin of Blessed Peter Favre's *Memorial* into smooth and lucid French but has also done a most laudable piece of editing. Peter wrote his spiritual journal in the very heat of his apostolic labors, and quite naturally he made many references to the people, places, and incidents of his own day which frequently need to be explained to the modern reader. At the bottom of each page Father de Certeau has placed his explanatory notes, which with remarkable completeness range over a wide variety of items such as the devotion in Cologne to the relics of the three Magi, the rich adornment of the chapel of the Cardinal of Mainz, the growing popularity in the sixteenth century of devotion to the instruments of Christ's passion, the precise meaning of Peter's theological vocabulary. For those periods of Favre's life during which he wrote his *Memorial* there could be no better way to follow his activities than to read Father de Certeau's translation with its informative commentary. In this way it is possible to arrive at a truer understanding of Peter's great success in his grasp of Saint Ignatius' teaching on the apostolic ideal of the union of prayer and work in the life of a Jesuit.

For almost a hundred pages before he presents the text of the *Memorial,* Father de Certeau unfolds a penetrating and reflective study of Peter's spirituality with its decidedly Ignatian mould and its sensitive response to the many cultural, social, and intellectual influences that entered Peter's life. No finer appreciation of Favre's interior life is in existence. There are in this volume three clear maps, an exhaustive bibliography, and two fine indices.

Attention, Scholastics of the mid-West and Ireland who are translating the *Memorial* into English! You cannot afford to miss this work.

WILLIAM V. BANGERT, S.J.

ARCHEOLOGY IN EARLY ITALY

The Mute Stones Speak. *By Paul MacKendrick.* New York: St. Martin's Press, 1960. Pp. xiii-369. $7.50.

This book is a narrative history of early Italy. The source material is found in the ruins of Etruscan and Roman buildings. Following the chronological order of the age of the sites, the author deals with ruins as ancient as those of neolithic Puglia to those as "modern" as the grave of St. Peter.

The dust jacket compares the book to *Gods, Graves and Scholars,* though it is not quite in that category. It is a little more scholarly and a little less readable in many places than Ceram's book, but it does make digestible a host of facts about Italy and its prehistoric and early historic past that hitherto have been locked in the pages of archeological journals. Pompeii and Herculaneum are treated of necessity, for they form an integral part of the history of their times and are rich in relics. These pages present in entertaining manner facts generally known to the ordinary reader. In addition there are other less known monuments which have fascinating stories: the ships of Lake Nemi, floating pleasure palaces of Claudius's reign, that have been rescued from the lake's floor by archeologists; the underground "basilica"

of Porta Maggiore, a temple found as a result of a landslip lying forty-two feet below the Rome-Naples railroad line; the ruins of Ostia, once literally the "entrance" to Rome, onto whose wharves the commerce of the Empire was unloaded.

The book is well illustrated and in most instances this is an asset. But some pictures, ground plans especially, which are lifted bodily from other texts, are blurred, and their lettering, to which keys are not provided, is confusing rather than illuminating.

GERARD F. GIBLIN, S.J.

WRITERS' VIEWS ON WRITING

Writing in America. *Edited by John Fischer and Robert B. Silvers.* New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1960. Pp. 178. $3.95.

The reviewer of this book is likely to approach his task with either trepidation or a vindicated sense of mission. One of the articles in this collection, Elizabeth Hardwick's chiding essay on the parlous state of American reviewing will induce either attitude.

Most of the essays appeared in a special supplement to the October, 1959 issue of Harper's Magazine. Its value is not only in the valid criticism contained in a number of the essays, but in the very prominence of the symposium members. Its limitations are in its lack of a single theme, the journalistic brevity of the articles and the divergence in tone. In attempting to cover so many topics the whole becomes somewhat thin and casual.

In spite of the editorial looseness, a few themes do emerge. Thus in the articles by Vance Bourjaily, Budd Schulberg, and Robert Brustein, all, curiously, concerned with various phases of dramatic writing—television, cinema and stage respectively—similar judgments and complaints are evident. All decry commercialism as the arch-enemy to achievement in their fields. Schulberg sees hope and progress in the status of writing and writers for motion pictures, while Bourjaily sees the reverse in television. Brustein laments the isolation of modern dramatists from the rest of the literary world, an isolation caused by the dictatorship of producers and popular taste. A curious counterpoint to this hue and cry against commercialism are the remarks of the richly rewarded Frank Yerby on his own approach to the "costume novel" in which he raises the dollar to the flagstaff while he smugly cites his own unabashed debt to customer research and warns the writer to shun what *he* wants to write and bend all his attention to what will be bought.

Two others, Mason W. Gross and Alfred Kazin, also strike harmonious notes. The former complains of the lack of persuasive rhetoric in writing today and adduces as the reason for this dull, non-persuasive prose the substitution of clichés and commonplaces for ideas and convictions. Kazin arrives at a similar conclusion by a slightly different route. He weighs the post-war novel, a genre he loves and refuses to despair of, and finds it lacking in breadth, focussed on man's narrow loneliness (not solitude) because it has abandoned the social dimension and become sunk in compassion and understanding for the self-centered,

anti-social non-hero. He too locates the cause in Society's loss of beliefs and suggests the cure is not in their invention and rediscovery.

Two articles on publishing complement one another well, the one by John Fischer covering the human, cultural aspects with a sound admixture of the practical, and the other, under anonymous authorship, concerned with facts and statistics.

The rest of the articles would have to be filed under miscellany: MacLeish on creative writing courses; Stanley Kunitz's dialogue between the poet and the student which offers an embryonic *Who's Who* of modern poets and tempts one to seek a more mature acquaintance; C. P. Snow contrasting the opportunities for writers in Britain and America and deftly, if almost unconsciously, awarding the prize to his native Britain on almost every count; and Kingsley Amis' little pleasantry on the writer-lecturer, with a few barbs for the Kerouac beatnik.

The collection is worth reading if not as always deep, significant criticism, at least as interesting comment by those most deeply involved in writing.

T. Patrick Lynch, S.J.

A FIRST NOVEL

Monsignor Connolly of St. Gregory's Parish. *By Vincent P. McCorry, S.J.* New York: Dodd, Mead and Company 1960. Pp. 211. $3.50.

Any reader familiar with Father McCorry's popular books of religious essays would expect to find in this, Father's first work of fiction, his typical freshness of style, cleverness of expression, and insight into and understanding of modern human problems. In this expectation the reader will not be disappointed.

This is a book about a parish and especially about its wise and holy pastor. It is not a novel with an organic unity, but a group of episodes, a collection of pictures the principal color—not the mood—of which is black. For the reader's most frequent contact is with the priests and nuns of St. Gregory's and the meetings are always pleasant ones. There are no priests who would fit in stories by J. F. Powers, but our knowledge that the picture here presented of clerical life is not the complete one does not make us conclude that this happy, zealous rectory is too good to be true.

One disappointment in this book is the apparent lack of careful proofreading. There are some obvious typographical errors (p. 26, p. 40, p. 57) and there is the constant repetition of introduction and classification of characters. One should expect, for example, that the intelligent reader will remember after the first two or three meetings that Mr. Sam is the Monsignor's cat and that he is faithful, wise and quiet.

Perhaps the author wanted to make each little story complete in itself. In this way a reader who picked up this book just occasionally and for brief periods of time would never have to rely on his memory as a help to the enjoyment of these stories. And as good light reading this book is highly recommended.

Leon A. Jaster, S.J.

AID TO PREACHERS

The Pastoral Sermons of Ronald A. Knox. *Edited, with an Introduction, by Philip Caraman, S.J.* New York: Sheed & Ward 1960. Pp. 532. $8.50.

It is seldom that the journeyman preacher finds material in the sermons of others that he can make his own. Oratorical effects show bland and weak in print, separated from the personality and emphasis of the spoken word, like the libretto of an opera without the score. Not so this volume. For anyone who has to preach often and finds ideas and illustrations hard to come by this is a whole shelf in itself. It contains 108 sermons; some for Sundays, some for Holy Hours (thirty-one on the Eucharist alone), some seasonal, all splendid. In each there is at least one fine idea begging to be borrowed.

All the many talents of the remarkable Monsignor converge here. Scripture scholar, essayist, raconteur, classicist, humorist and theologian are fully focused and integrated in the priest preaching. He was not an orator in the more popularly accepted sense of the word, but it may well be that he will be best remembered for his sermons.

The style is deceptively simple, clear, uncluttered and a joy to savor. The applications are practical, never pat nor predigested. As might be expected, every sermon leans heavily on Holy Scripture. But it is never just quoting Scripture; it is the Knoxian knack for making the timeless timely, for translating the truth into today's terms.

An important fringe benefit for any priest reading any or all of the sermons will be the implicit lesson of the need for careful sermon preparation. In many quarters lack of time and the undeniable press of other duties have led to the rationalization that a man preaches best spontaneously; that a prepared sermon must sound strained and trite; that our years of study qualify us to decide what to talk about while climbing the steps to the pulpit and then be brilliant extemporaneously. A man as gifted as Monsignor Knox might have been able to realize that ideal, but he didn't risk it. Fortunately for us; and thanks to the work of Father Philip Caraman, S.J., who gathered the manuscripts of these carefully written, revised, and rehearsed sermons, arranged them intelligently and directed the attractive printing in this handy volume.

For nuns, brothers, and the laity, this book can be highly recommended for spiritual reading and as a ready source of meditation material. Many of the sermons would lend themselves to table reading, especially in retreat houses.

CHARLES F. X. DOLAN, S.J.

CATECHETICS

An Introduction to a Catholic Cathechism. *Edited by Hubert Fischer.* New York: Herder and Herder, 1960. Pp. 169.

The English version of the German catechism has attracted much attention in America. The interest should carry over into this brace of essays entitled "An Introduction to a Catholic Catechism."

In his preface, Father Josef A. Jungmann, S.J., notes that the new

catechism's "approach to the Faith is sufficiently novel to make an introduction necessary." His animadversion could serve as a calm statement of the basic American problem in evaluating the German effort. Though tardy in publication (the English edition of the catechism text reached us in 1957), this introduction will help American readers to avoid both misunderstanding and uncritical acceptance. May it also serve this double purpose: 1. to enlighten catechists on what is meant by the catechism's kerygmatic orientations; 2. to stimulate seminaries and diocesan centers to still further effort in this critically important pastoral apostolate.

Father Franz Schreibmayr's essay, "Main Theological Themes of the Catechism," goes a long way towards filling the first of these hoped for objectives. It is the backbone of the book. Father Schreibmayr proclaims in the proper setting the "Ways of God" to men, the "kerygma" of apostolic times. In the Christocentric economy of salvation God calls man to share His Trinitarian life in adoptive sonship. Man must respond by liturgical worship and the charity-commitment expressed in moral living.

In another essay of a more apologetical nature, "Introducing the Catechism to Catechists," Father Alois Heller gives strong justification for the new initiatives, and calls for clerical and lay support. He deplores clergy indifference, poorly trained catechists, and the *ex opere operato* mentality which expects the textbook to remove all deficiencies in catechetical work. He sees the new German catechism rejected by some not from laziness nor ill will, but out of fear "that they will not be able to cope with the new things they expect to find within its pages, whether in method or in theological content." (p. 106) His affirmation of the critical need for research, course work, and periodic teacher-conferences certainly seems realistic. Perhaps it is the hope of hearing these words echoed authoritatively in America that makes this brief essay the most provocative of all.

Father Klemens Tilmann's essay on methodology and Father Hubert Fischer's on the lesson-format shed further light on the proper use of the German catechism, but differences in our respective national psychologies will limit their usefulness on the American scene. The theological analysis of Albert Burkart's richly symbolic drawings is impressive, but convinces one that they remain ill-suited to the current psychology of American children.

A final caveat: neither the German catechism nor its "Introduction" will fill American catechetical needs. However, an alert reading of both will bring us to share some precious universals of catechetical wisdom.

VINCENT M. NOVAK, S.J.

THE TIMELESS MESSAGE OF THE GOSPEL

The Christian Today. *By Jean Daniélou, S.J.* Translated by Kathryn Sullivan, R.C.J. New York: Desclee Company, 1960. Pp. 150. $2.75.

The Christian's attitude towards the city of man is shaped by the central mystery of his faith. In the Incarnation the Word of God re-

deemed and sanctified all the levels of human existence and all the stages of human progress. Hence the Christian in every age must seek to confront the beliefs and institutions of that age with the timeless truth of the Gospel. In eight thoughtful essays Father Daniélou considers the contemporary Christian and the problems of his confrontation.

Characteristic of the contemporary Christian is a greater awareness of the social implications of his faith. Father Daniélou, while hailing this as a sign of a quickened Christian vitality, warns of the accompanying danger of diluting authentic Christian virtue with mere humanitarianism. The sharp paradoxes of the Gospel must not be blunted. In varying forms this warning runs through his observations on Christian holiness, love of God, obedience, liberty, certitude, faith, hope, and poverty.

True holiness must not be thought of as aloof other-worldliness. The pursuit of holiness is not what impedes temporal progress but rather the mediocrity of so many Christians. Father Daniélou finds an unfortunate tendency to place the essence of Christianity in man's relations with his fellow men. When this is accompanied by a growing pride in human self-sufficiency, we have a hollow substitute for Christian charity. To dim in any way the divine origin and goal of true charity reduces it to mere sentiment and robs it of a divine dimension.

The Christian paradox is found again in obedience. It is the obedient Christian who is the true revolutionary; his sensitivity to the will of God makes him unable to conform to what hinders God's plan for a better human order. Again, it is the Christian's constant struggle to adhere to God's will that makes him free. Man must achieve freedom, as the existentialists say, but the enemy to his freedom is not God but sin, as St. Augustine said long before the existentialists.

Faith and certitude are not highly respected by the modern mind. Faith is caricatured as the consolation of those afraid to face a precarious reality, certitude is made synonyous with intellectual complacency. Daniélou has little time for such caricatures. Faith is the acceptance of a God Who, once accepted, will never leave us quiet again; it is an acceptance of love and its immense disturbances. Similarly, the Christian intelligence can hardly be complacent in the presence of the awesome mysteries of faith.

Christian hope must not be confused with mere faith in temporal progress. Nor is the poverty of the Gospel to be identified with any particular form; certainly it is not the temporal irresponsibility of spiritual childishness.

Father Daniélou's brief essays are obviously meant to be suggestive rather than fully satisfying. In this they succeed. Perhaps at some future date he will explore at greater length and in more depth some of the tensions created particularly by the problems of freedom and obedience within the Church. Possibly, too, his fear of an over-emphasis on the social dimension of Christianity is more relevant for European Catholics than for their American brethren, whose sense of corporate Christianity is only just awakening.

JOSEPH A. O'HARE, S.J.

HUMILITY AND GOD'S WORK

Apostle and Apostolate. *By Lucien Cerfaux.* Translated by Donald Duggan. New York: Desclee Co., 1960. Pp. v-184. $2.75.

Here Monsignor Lucien Cerfaux offers us some solid, scripturally-founded thoughts on an area of deep interest to the modern Catholic. Using texts from the ninth and tenth chapters of Saint Matthew's Gospel, he fashions a kind of meditative setting for an apostle's life. He concretizes his points through the features of three great saints: the Curé d'Ars, Saint Francis of Assisi, and Saint Benedict Joseph Labre. Showing plainly through his staccato-like thrusts of thought is the underlying message of the book: the apostolate demands humility; after all the techniques have been worked out and successes experienced, the apostle must all the more recognize in himself God's instrument.

Should one be looking here for advances in the theology of the apostolate or discussion of new techniques or an outline of the ever broadening horizon of the modern apostolate, he will not find them in this book for this is not within the scope and purpose at hand. In this respect the English translation of the French title, *Discours de Mission*, may well be misleading. For all those engaged in or thinking about the apostolate, however, the basic theme of the book has great moment. There is much rich material here for prayerful thought on and application to the role of the Christian apostle in today's world.

CHARLES P. COSTELLO, S.J.

A TOP-RATE WORK IN ITS CLASS

Introducing The Old Testament. *By Frederick L. Moriarty, S.J.* Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co., 1960. Pp. x-253. $4.25.

The Bruce Publishers are inaugurating their new series—the Impact Books—with this volume. Well they may, for this work of Father Moriarty contains within its modest number of pages a store of modern scholarship's biblical information interestingly condensed and harmonized, ingeniously and clearly presented, designed to stimulate a new interest in further study of the Old Testament.

The chapters into which this body of scholarship is condensed are fifteen names of Old Testament characters: Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Saul, David, Elijah, Amos, Isaiah of Jerusalem, Jeremiah, Ezechiel, Second Isaiah, Nehemiah, Job, Qoheleth and Daniel; the information, however, contained in the chapters covers, besides the years of their lives, the intervening periods of time. The characters are, as it were, friends with whom the readers stop to discuss the milieu of the times as they walk down the unbroken avenue of Old Testament history. Not only do they learn of the human events which occurred at the various stages, but chiefly of Jahweh's role in effecting this progression of events toward the ultimate goal He has destined for His Chosen People. The Hebrews are rebellious or stubborn, and He threatens or punishes; they are repentant and obey, and He blesses and rewards; they are loyal and at peace with Him, and He promises an ever increasing manifestation of His love for them until it will culminate in universal peace.

Within and because of this clever arrangement the author manages to discuss some points of interest in the chapters of Genesis which precede Abraham's story, as well as incidents which follow the age in which Daniel lived. Under the chapter headed "Abraham" he expounds the Jahwistic, Elohistic, Sacerdotal and Deuteronomic traditions, explains the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and the redacting process which finally combined the four traditions sometime in the sixth century B.C. He does not distract the reader from the main providential theme by pausing to enter into detailed and controverted theories of the specialists, but sweeps onward to discharge the task he has undertaken of introducing the reader to the Old Testament by selecting the most likely answers to the more general questions that arise in those who seek to get the feel of the biblical narratives. Thus while he gives the known topography of Lake Menzaleh where the Israelite crossing of the "Red Sea" took place, he does not discuss how far or why the crossing was miraculous; though he definitely expounds the predicament of Ahaz and the Isaian advice and solution, he discreetly eschews the "virgin shall conceive" text and the dispute and confusion which it occasions.

The book breathes the very spirit of each age of which he is writing. One enters into a kind of empathy with the Hebrews as they rise from their nomadic stage through their tribal conquests to the high glory of a flourishing kingdom, and then their continued decline after Solomon down to the tragic captivity of the Kingdom of Judah. The promises and threats of the prophets are clearly explained and their fulfillment described. After the captivity, the reader undergoes the trials of Nehemiah, understands Daniel's "abomination of desolation" and emerges from under the Roman shadow into the Light that is Christ.

The wisdom literature Father Moriarty treats in an equally satisfactory manner, analyzing the spirit of Job and his friends, weaving the way through the intricacies of Qoheleth's mind. The author's appreciation of the question of the two Isaiahs and of the book of Daniel manifests the thoroughness of his many years of classroom work. He refers to some of the best authorities in archeology and other sciences allied with Scripture; in his rare quotations from an author his selection is always tersely meaningful. He quotes Scripture piquantly, inspiring the reader to look further into the sacred text. The translation which he uses is substantially that of the Confraternity Old Testament, and for passages which are not yet published in that translation, he seems to render his own version from the Hebrew text. Nowhere could this reviewer find the author's statement about what translation he was using.

This book will greatly foster interest in and further study of the Old Testament. For the general reader it is an inducement to read the Old Testament text; for college students and especially seminarians it will serve as a companion text to their Scriptural work. The volume is supplied with a table of Old Testament dates, a good but brief bibliography, and a useful index. Verdict: an excellent book in its class.

EDWARD J. HODOUS, S.J.

THINKING WITH THE CHURCH

The Catholic and his Church. *By Henri de Lubac, S.J.* Translated by Michael Mason. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1960. Pp. 90. $.75.

One of the more recent of the Canterbury Books series, this particular paperback presents two engaging chapters, seven and eight, of Father de Lubac's *The Splendour of the Church,* a translation of the second edition of *Méditation sur l'Eglise.* The first chapter deals with the Church as the "family of God"—the people united by the unity of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. It studies the attitude of the sincere *vir ecclesiasticus* towards his Catholic ancestry, Catholic solidarity, Catholic breadth, Catholic obedience, the Head of the House (the Holy Father), and Catholic security. The second treats of the temptations that trouble the Catholic concerning the Church. Some of these are clear and violent; others are not quite manifest and they are all the more insidious for that. Some are perennial and others peculiar to the times. Such temptations are all too varied—even to the point of mutual opposition—for anyone ever to think himself immune to the threat which they constitute. Thus the reader is forewarned.

The works of Father de Lubac truly merit the widest reading public possible and *The Splendour of the Church* certainly deserves to be read in full. Thus it is to be hoped that the chance reader will be prompted to do so by the reading of these two chapters. As pertinent and valid as they were when the eminent French theologian wrote them in the early fifties, so are they today for the contemporary American scene which has become increasingly and sensitively aware of its pluralistic state and the consequent need for "dialogues." Not that, of course, the Church will cease to be a mystery for the non-Catholic reader, but he will be less mystified about it and about his Catholic neighbor. Not every Catholic reader will share the recurrent thrill of Father de Lubac as he meditates in the light of faith on certain aspects of that mystery. But he is sure to come away more reflectively and perhaps disturbingly aware of what it means to "think with and in the Church" and of the implications involved in his glorious calling as a *vir ecclesiasticus.*

Space limitations have reduced footnotes to a minimum and introduced textual liberties in some passages, but this adds up to a more facile readability. This is another Canterbury paperback our college theology students must have on their reading list. Ecclesiology can be dull and stodgy. Not so with Father de Lubac.

ALFREDO G. PARPAN, S.J.

MESSIANIC PROPHECY EXPLORED

Waiting for Christ. *By Ronald Knox and Ronald Cox.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1960. Pp. 282. $3.50.

The title of the book is taken from Martha's confident act of faith in Jesus just before He raised Lazarus from the dead: "I have always believed that you are the Messiah; you are the Son of God; the whole world has been *waiting* for you to come." The book was written on the premise that Christ in the NT is the fulfillment of the messianic prophe-

cies of the OT. The Jewish rabbis list some 458 messianic texts; Heinisch, a Catholic author *(Christ in Prophecy)*, restricts the number of literally messianic texts to 50. Father Cox follows a middle course with 120 literal and 30 typical references. Not all of them, as Father Cox himself admits in his introduction, can be established with equal certainty. But in his treatment of the different texts in the book, he gives the impression that they are certainly messianic, like the so-called "Protoevangelium" of Genesis, Isaiah's maiden-mother, Micah's Bethlehem-Ephrata, Isaiah's servant songs, Malachi's sacrifice, and the Song of Songs. Discerning biblical scholars may differ with Father Cox in the messianic interpretation of the texts cited. However, since the book apparently is intended for the general reader's greater appreciation of the OT, these finer points certainly have no place in the book. And the reader will be grateful for the author's pioneering efforts to make the OT understandable and fruitful and shorn of those scholarly trappings that tend to obscure if not altogether distort the figure of Christ in the OT.

The book is neatly divided into seven chapters beginning with "The Witness of Moses," followed by "The Kingship of David," "The Divided Kingdom," "The Babylonian Captivity," and "The Restoration." Chapter Six treats of the "Types of Christ," and the final chapter is a brief section of "Our Lady in the Old Testament."

The scriptural texts are based on the translation of the OT messianic prophecies by Ronald Knox, arranged continuously on the left-hand pages, with a matching commentary, paragraph by paragraph, on the opposite page by Father Cox. At the beginning of each chapter Father Cox summarizes the historical background of the chapter, and paralleling the Knox translation, he offers brief and inspiring explanations of the NT fulfillments of the OT prophecies. Catholics should find this book very helpful towards a greater appreciation of the Old Testament. In the words of the author himself: "Sometimes it is the Messiah, a human descendant of David, who is to bring salvation to his people; here (speaking of Isaiah 11.1-12.6), it is the Lord God himself who is responsible for their delivery from exile. In the fulness of time, God became Man, and so fulfilled both these aspects of salvation as portrayed in the Old Testament prophets."

NICASIO CRUZ, S.J.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

The Soul of the Nations. *Edited by Gabriel Boutsen, O.F.M.* Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co., 1960. Pp. 166. $3.95.

For the first time in the history of world's fairs, the Vatican participated in these unique undertakings when, in 1958, it erected its own pravilion at the Brussels World Fair. At the same time it also requested that a conference on universal Christian humanism be organized at some time during the Fair, within the general theme of the exhibition and the particular one of the *Civitas Dei.* The specific theme chosen, then, was "The Soul of the Nations"—the word "nations" referring to large ethnologic groups of people rather than to individual countries—

and from each of these nine nations one of her most distinguished representatives was chosen to address the Congress and lay open to the world the most intimate spiritual values and ideals of his people. "We wanted," states Father Boutsen, the secretary of the congress, "to determine on a world scale: Why do people live? Why and for whose sake are they prepared to die? Why do they laugh? Why do they weep? What do they consider worth working for? What is their idea of happiness or misfortune?"

This slim volume is a collection of the addresses which were delivered at that International Congress. Monsignor Vincent Jeffers speaks for North America; Professor Irene Posnoff, convert and daughter of a Russian theologian, for Russia; Doctor John Wu for China; Father Jerome D'Souza, S.J. for India; Sir James Bruron Subiabre for Latin America. Japan is represented by Doctor Joseph Sjinjiro Yokibe, Europe by Doctor Hendrik Brugmans, Africa by Father Joseph Malula of Leopoldville, and the Near East by Archbishop Philippe Navaa of Beyrouth.

As can be expected from persons of such varying backgrounds and viewpoints, there is great variety in style, in content, and in the very approach to the theme. But there is a definite unifying motif. It is the single question posed to and the multiple answers given by the Church throughout her history; how the Church, which is universal, is adapting and will adapt herself to the particular needs and problems of her children. These addresses point up the challenge and sketch out some solutions.

Each of the participants in the Congress expresses the ideals and problems of his nation. Each of them questions the place his nation has in the mission of the Church. And each gives a fascinating, penetrating picture of the soul of his people. The only drawback, as in all such books, is the fact that each essay must necessarily be so short.

JAMES H. BREININGER, S.J.

PRACTICAL CANON LAW

Previews and Practical Cases on Marriage: Volume 1: Preliminaries and Impediments, Canons 1012-1080. *By Owen M. Cloran, S.J.* Milwaukee; Bruce, 1960. Pp. xii-403. $8.50.

This is the first of a three volume work in case form on the canon law of marriage. Volume two will treat of marriage consent and form (canons 1081-1143) and volume three of marriage processes (canons 1960-1992).

The format of this book is like that of the author's earlier (1951) presentation, *Previews and Practical Cases on Penalties,* a concrete set of circumstances is presented as a case seeking solution; then a very careful study is made of all the canonical principles; the interpretations, replies, decisions and instructions issued by the Holy See; the opinions and arguments of canonists and moralists, especially where there is an important difference of opinion; finally, the solution concludes the case study.

In addition to all the information and analysis contained in the "principles of solution," there is a wealth of references contained in the footnotes on each page as well as in an eighteen-page bibliography towards the end of the volume. Other very helpful features of the work are summaries and outlines, especially of matters which are difficult or involved, e.g., faculties enjoyed by pastors, curates, confessors, and simple priests (pp. 76-80); pastoral letters or instructions on certain aspects of marriage, e.g., prenuptial investigation, mixed marriages; specimen forms, e.g., preliminary information on marriage cases to be proposed for chancery or tribunal action. A detailed index closes the book.

While the canons on matrimonial consent as such are not considered in this volume, it may be worth noting that, in connection with other topics, the author gives considerable treatment to substantial and simple error (pp. 1-6) and to knowledge or belief that a marriage is null (pp. 6-8) and the influence of these factors on matrimonial consent.

This is a book very useful not only for the professional canonist or moralist, but also to every seminarian for his study of the canon law of marriage, and to every priest having anything whatever to do with marriage from any and every aspect.

It is hoped that the companion volumes will not be long delayed in making their appearance.

JAMES I. O'CONNOR, S.J.

A HANDY GUIDE

The Twenty Ecumenical Councils of the Catholic Church. *By Clement Raab, O.F.M.* Westminster, Md.: Newman Press, 1959. Pp. xiv-226. $3.50.

This reprint of a 1937 publication is advertised as "a short history of the aims, deliberations, and decisions of the past twenty Ecumenical Councils of the Catholic Church—indispensable background reading for the Church's twenty-first council."

A slight volume, this book has pretensions neither to profound scholarship nor to completeness, but it will serve as a handy guide to the general development of conciliar teaching. As Father Thomas Plassmann points out in the Foreword: "It is to serve as an aid primarily to the cleric or lay student who has neither the time nor the opportunity to delve into, and analyze sources and controversies, but who is satisfied to learn the outstanding facts and findings concerning which Church historians generally agree." Within this scope, the book is admirable in its simplicity and conciseness.

J. ROBERT BARTH, S.J.

HUMAN CONDUCT

Morals and Man. *By Gerald Vann, O.P.* New York: Sheed and Ward, 1960. Pp. 223. $3.50.

This book is a revised edition of the volume that first appeared in 1937 under the title *Morals Makyth Man.* As stated in the preface, the first part of the book was originally a series of lectures delivered to the Aquinas Societies of London and Leicester, while the later chapters

have appeared as articles in various philosophical journals.

As the title might indicate, the substance of the book has to do with the conduct of the human person. The emphasis is philosophical, although, as the author admits, to exclude theology from a work of this sort would place it in the realm of parody. The philosophy is Thomism, but not the Thomism of the thirteenth century. The author accepts the writings of St. Thomas as his magna charta and quotes him extensively, but expressly repudiates the notion that a Thomist "goes back" to Thomas for the solution of every problem. The Thomism the author espouses is a dynamic, living, growing philosophy that must shake off most of the jargon and categories of an outdated scholasticism, must look forward rather than backward, and must constantly be rethought and applied to the contemporary human atmosphere.

The book is divided into two parts. The early chapters discuss the need for a theory of the human person and his finality in today's world. Espousing the Thomistic metaphysics of man, the author goes on to discuss the problems of freedom and determinism, altruism and the various forms of self-seeking, the teleological and deontological ethic in the search for happiness and for a norm of morality. Finally, though all the problems are not solved fully, most of the loose ends are drawn together in a magnificent exposition of Thomistic moral theory.

The second part of the book takes this Thomistic theory and applies it to man in his contemporaneous situation. The table of contents does not reveal the depth of thought nor the breadth of vision that the author manifests in these pages. As he discusses politics, economics, Christian marriage, the somnolence of Christianity, and the difficulty of steering a middle course between the transcendence of God and over-familiarity with Him, the author touches briefly on many other items that will cause a philosopher-reader to pause and think.

This is a book that inspires the reader with hope in two senses. First, there is the hope that, philosophically speaking, the world is not lost, that man can look forward to the future with a certain degree of optimism as to what it will bring. Secondly, there is the hope that philosophy itself is not dead or dying, that there will be other Catholic thinkers like Father Vann who will take up the challenge of our times.

J. J. Rohr, S.J.

SOCIAL ETHICS

A Handbook of Christian Social Ethics, Volume I: Man in Society. *By Eberhard Welty, O.P.* New York: Herder and Herder, 1960. Pp. xvi-395. $6.95.

This is a revised version of the second edition of volume I of Herder's *Sozialkatechismus.* The original has been in use for some years in German-speaking lands, where Father Welty, O.P., is deservedly well known. After a brief introduction to general ethics this first volume considers man, the nature of society, the mutual relationship of man and society, authority and obedience, the basic principles of social order, justice and social charity. The three volumes to follow will be entitled

Community and Society, Economics in Society, and *Church and Society.*

The treatment of these questions is simultaneously philosophical and theological, in a word, Christian Ethics. Appropriate and ample selections from papal documents are cited at the beginning of each chapter. The format is that of question and answer, but there the likeness to a catechism ceases; the answers are developed at length. The book is rather a manual of Catholic social thought, suitable for lay discussion groups, college students, and possibly for those in the upper grades of high school. As a manual we should not expect the length or depth of, say, Messner's *Social Ethics.*

The author is at his best when analyzing the social nature of man, the common good of society, social justice (identified with legal and distributive justice) and social charity. This emphasis on the social aspect of man is needed to correct the too narrow concentration of many ethics textbooks on man the individual.

Not so successful is the treatment of natural law and natural rights. Both topics are developed too much in terms of positive law and civil rights. For example, right in the subjective sense is called "legal title." Natural law is still defined as a promulgation of an ordination of reason for the common good. This is somewhat surprising in view of the fact that German authors have been in the vanguard of the movement to delegalize moral theology and ethics. The use of Holy Writ, limited in scope, is not in tune with recent exegesis. At least the bibliography, otherwise detailed and well selected, should be aware of the historical data coming to light on the background of *Rerum Novarum.* One thinks of the preliminary draft of that historic document and other such evidence now available in published form.

Despite these blemishes the *Handbook* is still very useful. The translation, both in vocabulary and sentence structure, is English and not Anglo-Saxon. It supplies the theological content needed to present the subject matter adequately and not merely in the light of reason alone. Sociological studies of the recent past indicate that the students in Catholic colleges are not more social minded than their state college confreres. Both Father Welty's explanations and the concrete examples used will serve admirably to dispel the asocial attitudes of our students.

ROBERT H. SPRINGER, S.J.

THE GODLESS MASSES

I Looked for God's Absence: France. *By Irenaeus Rosier, O. Carm.* New York: Sheed & Ward, 1960. Pp. 231. $3.95.

Father Rosier, a competent sociologist and psychologist, went to live and work among the iron workers and coal miners of France. He became "Frans", an itinerant apprentice miner, and lived in the crowded life for several months in different locales. Frans lived in the crowded dormitories, shared the cheap food and grinding jobs of the laborers. As he recorded the sights and sounds and smells of their life, he looked quietly and prudently for faith, religion, and Christ. He found little

or no faith, no formal religion, and a little of the Gospel. Frans found Christ without ritual.

There was material sin aplenty, but Frans, the trained theologian, found much to excuse from formal sin. His friends Marcel, Hans, Erich, Klaus worked long and hard in dirt and stifling heat, for meager wages, under capable foremen and a management that meant well but in effect victimized them. Frans' friends took whatever recreation they could, harmless or coarse.

With full and remarkably prompt cooperation from Rome, Frans penetrated deep into the center of a Godless environment. He consulted periodically with local priests, Bishops, and mine executives. The tragedy of Frans' account is the ineffectual results, for the most part, of the zeal and compassion of these clerical and lay leaders. But their work is not hopeless. The Gospel can reach the poor pagan workers if the message is preached to them clearly and simply. Still, the Church must not be presented as an ornamental institution in a chrome-plated society.

Father Rosier's book is warm and inspiring. It is sad too. Reading the book evoked memories of de Sica's "The Bicycle Thief" and a haunting newspaper item I once read about two little boys who were found in a big city slum and tearfully told their short life story before dying of starvation. Father Rosier's book may help Christ reach the French workers before they die of a worse sickness.

THOMAS A. O'CONNOR, S.J.

SOME RECENT PAMPHLETS

God, Government, and the Catholic Church. *By Julian Stoeberl, O.F.M. Cap.* St. Louis: Queen's Work, 1960. Pp. 24.

Conceived as the art of governing or as the organization of society, politics cannot withdraw itself from the authority of natural morality. In an election year, with a Catholic presidential candidate, there is no dearth of studies on this subject. *Queen's Work*, nevertheless, adds to the pamphleteering. This academic treatment, unfortunately, does not cast much new light on the current misconceptions.

There is need for great precision in explaining to the non-Catholic inquirer how the Church recognizes the right of everyone to have his own opinions in purely political matters, with due safeguard for truth and justice. Indifferent, from a technical standpoint, to political systems by reason of time and territory, the Church is deeply interested in seeing to it that in all circumstances the changing of laws and constitutions does no harm to faith and morals.

FRANCIS X. QUINN, S.J.

Catholic Views on Over-Population. *By John L. Thomas, S.J.* St. Louis: The Queen's Work. Pp. 40.

The great value of this excellent, though necessarily brief pamphlet is that the author suceeds in providing the context both for the population explosion and for the Catholic attitude toward the problem. Noting the remarkable population growth especially in underdeveloped countries, he observes that the problem of population vs. world resources

is extremely complex. It is a gross over-simplification to offer a solution in terms of large scale distribution of contraceptives.

A doctrinal imbalance has been created by Catholic leaders under attack, over-emphasizing or emphasizing only the duty of the Catholic couple to procreate. Actually this duty is discovered in a complex whole, in which the marriage partners, through the conjugal act, possess the great privilege of co-operating with the Creator in the production and education of new life, a privilege which is at once an expression of creativity and the consummation of their marital love.

This complex problem must find its solution not in abortion, sterilization, contraceptive birth control, but in migration, technical and financial assistance, trade, a more responsible attitude toward parenthood, personal controls.

EUGENE J. BARBER, S.J.

Catholics in Secular Colleges. *By Francis D. MacPeck, S.J.* St. Louis: The Queen's Work, 1959. Pp. 24.

Father MacPeck's treatment of such a complex subject within the limits of a short pamphlet is necessarily somewhat sketchy and occasionally oversimplified. It is nevertheless a fine summary of the standard, but real, difficulties to be faced by the Catholic student in a secular college. After listing the dangers, both obvious and subtle, which the Catholic will encounter in such an atmosphere, Father MacPeck stresses the positive obligation incumbent on the student to learn more about his faith through reading, study, and discussion with Catholics competent in philosophy and theology. The topics treated would serve as a fine outline for Newman Club discussions.

While written, it appears, primarily for the student already enrolled in a secular college, the pamphlet might well be read also by high school seniors and their parents when the problem of college choice arises. Busy high school Student Counsellors will find it a valuable aid.

WILLIAM J. MCGOWAN, S.J.

Religious Tolerance in Catholic Tradition. *By Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro.* New York: American Press, 1960. Pp. 25. $.15.

This important statement by the Archbishop of Bologna is particularly pertinent against the background of our recent presidential campaign. Dogmatic intolerance, he maintains, should not beget civil intolerance. The greater good which justifies, even demands, religious tolerance in the human analogue of divine government is not determined by prudential considerations of the historical situation of the Church today. Rather is it respect for the truth, and for the manner in which the human intellect arrives at truth and God acts on the human soul.

This position represents a new development of traditional Catholic principles, and is not an attempt by the Church to compromise with the modern world. In answering the legitimate objections of non-Catholics, we must distinguish between the doctrine of the Church and the impact that historical situations (especially the Middle Ages and 19th century Liberalism) have made on the Church.

NEIL L. DOHERTY, S.J.

Among Our Reviewers

Father William V. Bangert (New York Province) is Professor of History at St. Andrew-on-Hudson and the author of *To the Other Towns*, a life of Blessed Peter Faber.

Father Charles F. X. Dolan (New York Province) is well known as a retreat master and speaker throughout the eastern United States.

Father Edward J. Hodous (Detroit Province), a former Scripture Professor at West Baden College, now teaches College Theology at the University of Detroit.

Father William T. Noon (Buffalo Province) is Professor of English Literature at Loyola Seminary, Shrub Oak, and the author of *Joyce and Aquinas*.

Father Vincent M. Novak (New York Province), having recently completed catechetical studies at the *Lumen Vitae* school in Belgium, is now engaged in the preparation of a high school religion course.

Father James I. O'Connor (Chicago Province) is Professor of Canon Law at West Baden College and co-author of the *Canon Law Digest*.

Father Robert H. Springer (Maryland Province) is Professor of Ethics at Loyola Seminary, Shrub Oak.

Father John F. Sweeney (New York Province) is Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Woodstock.